

NOVA

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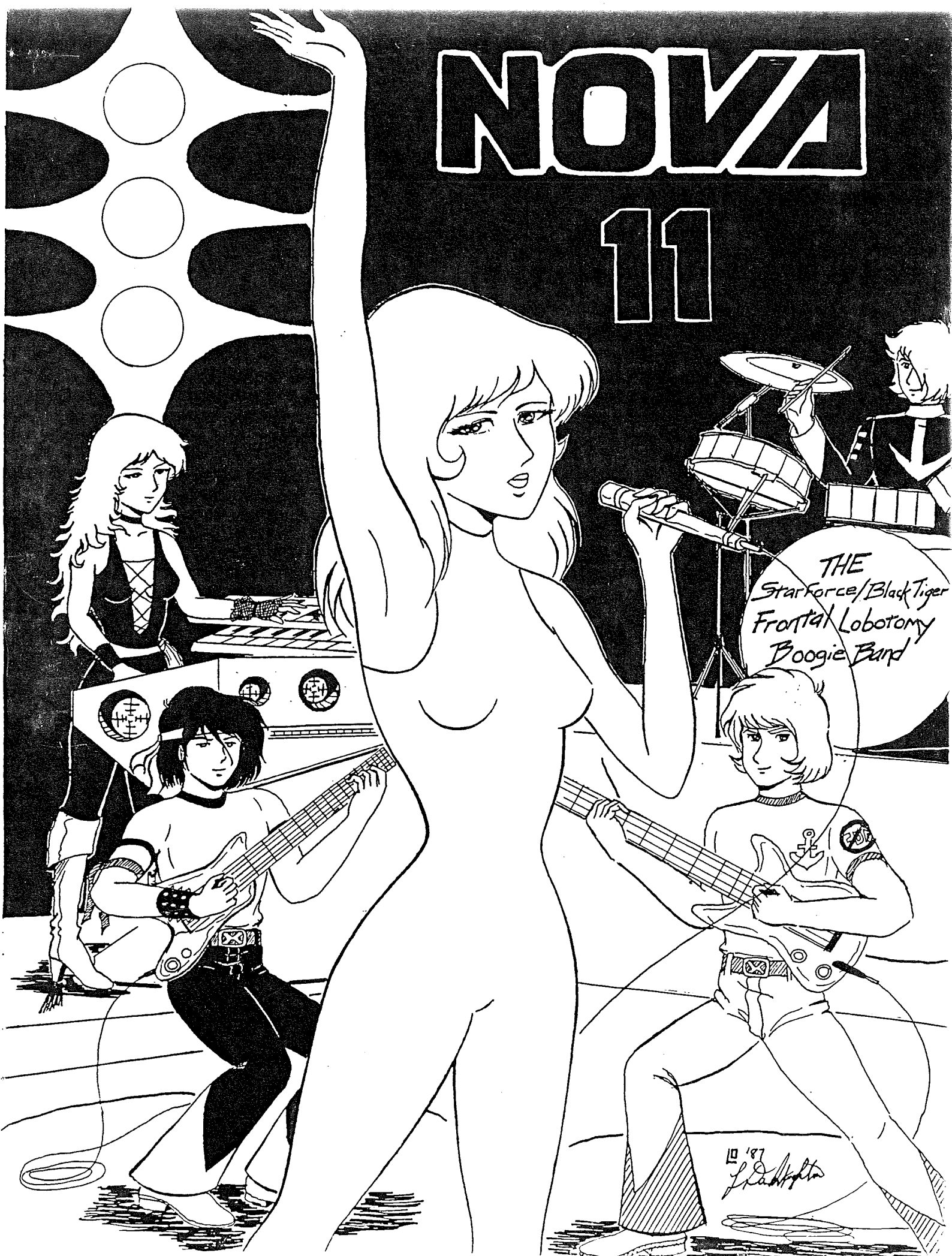
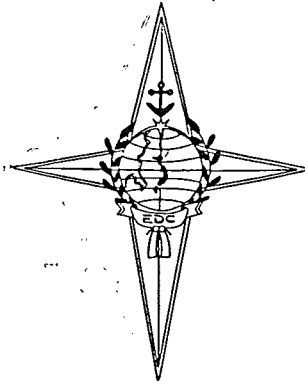


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COVER: "Star Force Black Tiger Frontal Lobotomy Boogie Band" -Logan Darklighter ("Nova" lettering -Lee Madison)

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BACK COVER: Henry Jerng

INSIDE BACK COVER: Bridge Publications

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EDITOR'S NOTES

OH, DRAT, WE'VE DONE IT AGAIN!!!

(Sigh), Oh, well, once again folks we've been proven to be less-than-perfect in glaring black-n-white. The Queen Millennia synopsis from Nova 10 was left without a credit on it. So was the Area 88 one. Arrgggh! Of all the dumb, stupid, forgetful, idiotic... ..Okay, okay, enough self-pity. Julie Froelich graciously did the wonderful Queen Millennia synopsis eons ago (if not for that synopsis, I might never have watched that movie) and Toren Smith and Miyako Matsuda-Graham did the nice Area 88 synopsis, and it appeared in the 1986 BayCon Japanese Animation Room Translation Book. This is important because the people at Baycon request that any publication using their synopses send them a copy of it. So we must do that right away. So sorry, friends. I guess you'll have to kick my tail for it next time you see me (Ah-ha! Ulterior Motive #1 is becoming apparent - I want you to kick my tail-'cuz it means you'll have to see me in person to do it, and I want to meet you guys someday. I guess I should also say thanks (this hurts) to the person who pointed this out to us - Randall Stuke of C/FO San Antonio, in his latest newsletter issue where he gives a real nice review of Nova 10, and a pretty good one on the EDC as well, and we'd like to thank him for that.

I have another question who did the EVE artpiece on Pg. 16, as well as a couple others throughout this issue? I don't recognize the initials, and I can't credit the individual, 'cuz there's no real signature anywhere on the pieces! I'm dreadfully sorry, and

will give you all due credits next issue, okay?

I'm extremely pleased to say that, while initially fearing this Nova might've been smaller than the one before it, this hasn't been the case at all. We've had a good response and we've gotten all kinds of new stuff, art and written, and I'd like to thank all of you for giving a darn. Enough to send your stuff, anyway. And, for once, ye ol' editor isn't going to pull the PBS plea for submissions... just yet.....okay, that's enough of a break. As you know, lately we've been setting firm deadlines for Nova, and we mean to keep them (if I have to break my hands, beat the artists, whip the writers and darn-near blind the proofers to do it. They aren't complaining...much. You're benefitting. Don't gripe about a few little cries of "HELP!! WE NEED STUFF!!!" We do. We always need stuff....and even nonsense. It takes a great deal of material to make a good Nova, just look at how many things it took to make this one, and without it, you have another little ragazine with a lot of blank spaces in it (Oh foo, big ugly white space! In-joke.)

In all seriousness though, I'm afraid I'm starting to make enemies by being such a hardass about the deadline - but I feel I must be, because if I don't put a foot down, I will get weeks upon weeks of "oh, just another day or two and such-and-such will be



finished" and I'll be just-one-more-daying back and forth until November 30. So yes, while I'm being a USDA Choice 100% Pure Bitch, I'm really not meaning to offend people on a personal basis. I'm making no exceptions, not for friends, family or relatives, unless there are extreme extenuating circumstances (work, laziness, Halloween hangover, are not extenuating enough) (yes, oh anal retentive roomie of mine, you too have to have your s**t in by the deadline, and don't threaten me...I know where you sleep...but I should be careful, uh..., you know where I sleep too....) Like college, or business, if you don't meet your deadline, you get an F, or you lose an account. The world is hard. We all have other things in life that have to come first, this goes without saying. No matter how we'd like it to be, Fandom is not the be-all and end-all of our existence. It can rarely be, that's the very nature of the beast. But that's why we're trying to give people enough notice of upcoming deadlines. I don't expect Nova 12's deadline to be earlier than February 1, 1988, so that should be plenty of time for people to get off their respective sticks and get their stuff in. For all those folks who sent their stuff in before deadline, and in some cases long before deadline, thank you. We know who you are. For those who did last-minute things for us (like at 11:59 PM Nov. 1) in anticipation of our need for filler material for people who we knew would not meet the deadline, thank you. We won't forget you, either. In this issue we have more of some really nice stuff by Lee Madison, story continuations from Logan Darklighter, Pat Munson-Siter, Ken Mayes and Todadler (this is a neat humanoid-type person), plus some new things from people just starting to get active. (Hi Karlton, James, Carl, Roy, etc... Long time no see, Tom, glad to be back with you!) Keep goin', we need all of ya! We can't just sit back on our laurels, we have to keep moving forward with new and even better stuff...besides, laurels don't photocopy worth a darn...plant goo on the glass...eeyyuukk!

Oh yeah...about the cover...uh...well...call it artist's indulgence. It was wondered once "What did the Star Force do on their journey back to Earth in 1st season? I mean, there weren't any Gamilons to

kick, things must've been kinda boring...." Well... this is one possible way for them to kill time (without killing each other). Any comments to this, people? Do you like it? Hate it? Should we burn it? Use it as birdcage liner? Bronze it and hang it on the mantle? You tell us!

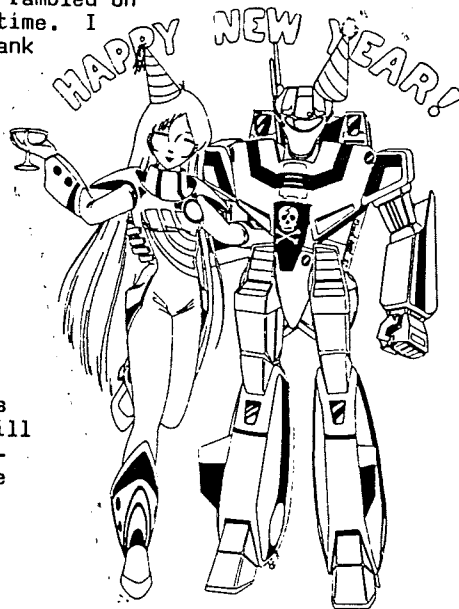
Yes, another Sasha's Soliloquy is in this ish. If we get enough submitted artwork, we might be able to keep this up for awhile. Otherwise, this will be the last one, as we had to dig through our Nova files to fill up Sasha's Soliloquy #1, and beg the Art Mule for last minute filler work (which is as good as some of the other stuff, to his credit.) for that ish.

I'd also like to wish everyone a MERRY CHRISTMAS AND GOOD NEW YEAR AND HAPPY CHANUKAH and all that kinda neat sweet stuff, since this Nova's distribution will fall right during the holidays (and we missed Halloween). We wish all our subscribers a safe & good holiday season with all the trimmings.

I guess I've rambled on enough for this time. I

want to again thank those of you who are first-time submitters as well as those who have sent in your work previously. You are all wonderful people, again, far too many to list here, and we hope you, and all the persons reading this issue of Nova, will find it an enjoyable read and one worth your time.

Good fortune!



LETTERS

...The new NOVA is GREAT!! The best yet. And 'Avatar's Salute' in Sasha's Soliloquy had us ALL in stitches! I promise you'll see more activity out of this chapter, INCLUDING some contributions to NOVA, our OWN zine, and a few special video tings! Watch out! Oh, and we'll be putting EDC flyers in the comics shop, which has a high percentage of Anime fans as customers.

The Yen may be high, but our spirits are higher.
Sayonara (Matt Clark, Space Battleship Musashi II)

Dear Nova Editors:

I apologize for the time delay in responding to your request to comment on Nova #9. Anyway, here I go. First, the Jet Jaguar comic strip by our Arcturus "commander" was great, and I'm looking forward to future installments. The other articles, especially the Be Forever Yamato translation and the Star Blazers/Argonautica article were well-written and researched. The feature that inspired my creative efforts, the Speed Racer trivia quiz, was definitely a trivia master's delight. Also thanks for including my Robotech trivia quiz in Nova 10 (which I got in the mail a short time after your letter). I'm looking to contribute more material to future Novas and would also like to correspond with other EDC members. My address is at the top of this letter.

Be Seeing You (Scott Belcher, Space Battleship Arcturus [recently renamed: Anime Hassin])

** Well, not exactly at the top of the letter, but it's here anyway: Scott Belcher, 5374 John Reynolds Drive, Jacksonville, Florida 32211. Thanks for the comments and keep them coming! **

Dear Folks at EDC/Nova,

Nova 10 was pretty awesome! Lotsa good artwork, lotta good stories, too.

I've received about 3 Novas so far (Ed. note: shouldn't that be "Novae"?), and this was the best. let's see more art inserts, or maybe a whole permanent art section. I know it would probably vary from issue to issue, depending on the amount of art you receive, but give it a think.

I'm also glad that we've Ben Dunn contributing to Nova, too bad he doesn't do more. Tell me, is he a subscriber?

Ok, I really am getting tired of your whimpering that you need more artwork, so I sent some!!! I know it won't fill up the book, but maybe it will quiet down some people. Don't worry - more is forthcoming. I plan to be a regular contributor. ("Merry Christmas!")

I'd like to see more synopses of Area 88, because I am into aircraft, too.

And finally, I wish Lee would improve his "Elegants" (artwise) because I know he has the talent to do it.

Now back to your regular programming. (Ensign Carl Davison, Space Destroyer Nightshadow)

** Okay, finally. Some of the first REAL LoC's

we've seen in a while. (Letters of Comment, to you uninitiated folk). This column is full of them, yaaayyy! In answer to you, Carl, thanks for the kudos, we need all we can get when spirits flag. Don't know about the permanent art insert - it's a pain to staple, but it's a possibility, fer sure! Yes, Ben Dunn is a full-fledged, dues paying, card-carrying member of the EDC, and has been for some time. He did the wonderful cover for us because he's a kind and generous man who wanted to show his support for anime fandom, and we can't thank him enough for taking the time to do it. We may also hit on him for something else (Ben, this is a warning).

Thanks also for the submissions. You'll see some of them in these pages, and I'm sure that anything else you care to send in will find a place here too. But we still can't stop whining completely - people will forget we need the stuff!

There's more Area 88 in this ish, as well as another installment of the Elegants, which I hope you'll see is a nicer job. Not that the previous one wasn't nice, but it was terribly rushed (Yah, mule!, in-joke). Again, thanks for your comments, and we hope to hear and see more from you in the future (the NEAR future!)**

Dear Kelli:

Okay, I've got everything pretty much under control, and my correspondence should get back to a normal basis.

Yep. Got Nova #10. It was good, as usual. All the covers were excellent (front, back, inside-back). Perhaps the best thing about it was "Avatar's Salute". I don't know how long I laughed over that one.

As far as running the chapter is concerned, it'll be the same as it ever was. I'm going to try and get a little more organized, whip some butts around here and maybe get something done for a change. How's the fanzine coming? Let me put it this way: it's not. Hopefully that will change soon, though. Basically what I want to do is put together something with some art, maybe a story...latest vid news, reviews, con news, etc., etc..... (Joe Brubaker, Organizer, Space Battleship Musashi II)

** Okay, guys, you heard the man above - how about getting him some stuff? You've answered our plea (to some degree) here for new stuff - we've got some nice things in this ish from new folk - how about helping out above? There are a great many talented peoples out on the West Coast (not to mention the rest of the known world) and Joe, I'm sure, would not close any doors in any of your faces were you to generously offer assistance and submissions to EVE, the fanzine he & his group been working on for quite some time now. Write for more info to: Joe Brubaker, Space Battleship Musashi II, 195 The Alameda, San Anselmo, California, 94960. (There, Joe, how's that for an itty-bitty plug?) **

Dear Nova:

I think Issue #10 was one of your best yet. I especially liked Julie Tharp's poem, Beloved Stranger. However, I must comment on her explanation of the poem, as regards Nova & Wildstar making love.

The only firm evidence we have of them making love, is the scene from Final Yamato. And of course, by that time, they are married, so it's acceptable. Given Nova's reaction, tears of joy, it appears to me that this was her first time; that until then, she was a virgin.

It is my sincere belief that even though Nova may love Derek with all her heart, she is not the type to give in to passion, until such time as it is proper. This is of course, just my own personal opinion towards her character, as I like to think of her as "Not that type of Girl!" To me, she will always be the "innocent" girl she once was, and it!

Sincerely, James Staley (Space Destroyer Phoenix)

P.S. Enclosed for use in Nova #11 (should you see fit) is some art done by my friend, Tim Ross ("World's GREATEST Iczer fan!"). Please be sure to credit him for it!

**Yes, we do indeed 'see fit' to print Tim's work - it's wonderful! In fact, there's some of it - look out below... Thank him for allowing us to use it in these pages, and we will send you a copy to forward on to him. Perhaps he might even consider subscribing. Thanks to you also, James, for your comments regarding Nova 10 - that's what we need, more commentary on the actual articles, artwork, stories, et al, that we print here. The artists/ writers want to hear your comments as well, as most are sensitive souls who thrive on the ego-boo of their readers! Give them your ideas, they can make use of almost anything, good or bad (make it constructive criticism though, not destructive, please, if possible. Who knows, you might even make a friend or two in the process! Now, is this some serious BS or what?) **

....Now for the meat of the letter: what I think of NOVA and WHISPERS.

NOVA first; Ahhh...refreshing. Good art, good articles and fiction, good comic strips, beautifully drawn half-nude anime gals - I must have died and gone to Heaven...or Liangshan marsh, or Nolandia...or ..I love it! You get to publish stuff like I'd like to. ...Offended? NO WAY! The "Lions and Dreams" almos broke my brain, but recovered in time I did. To J.P. Reader, regarding the guest editorial, I'd recommend books on the SUPERSTRING THEORY, as well as the series "Orguss". Wondered about "Queen Millennia" series since seeing that cheezy Harmony-Gold version. The Matsumoto timeline halped make sense out of the mess. Wonder if "Captain Dave" Merrill has written to Dave Letterman asking for a Sandy Frank picture for his dartboard. One anime fan did, several months ago (maybe last year - not sure). Have felt like doing so myself. I found Merica Floyd's and Julie Tharp's poems high level - heart touching! In other words, I love all of it and would love to be included in your ranks!

....WHISPERS - somewhat dry, but very informative and serves its purpose very well.

Would like to form an APA about the "Gals of Anime". Need much feedback (have contacted C/FO-Rising Sun, but they have yet to respond)....

(signed) Roy Bruce, C/FO-CVA, 3612 Seminary Ave., Richmond, VA 23227

** Welcome aboard, Roy, glad to meet you! Thanks for the kind words, and with any luck, you'll hear from folks who read this 'zine about your APA idea.**



Tim Ross
Via James

Dear EDC,

I am enclosing the short story "Flight". Please consider it for inclusion in Nova. I'm very impressed with Nova 10- the format seems crisper, extremely professional. I appreciate your taking time to send me Nova and news concerning the cataclysmic administrative shifts at EDC. The new organization, as I understand it, seems both pleasant and practical. I believe it shows great promise for attracting more members. I'd hoped to stop by the EDC table at the last convention but

I'll certainly be sending more material, as soon as paper-grading, lesson planning, class preparation, and part-time money grubbing allow. May EDC continue to grow!

Sincerely, Richard S. Halada

**** Thank you, Richard, for your comments, and for sending us your short story, which, you'll be happy to see, has been included here. Please do keep sending your stories in, they are enjoyable to read, and we look forward to seeing them in the future. ****

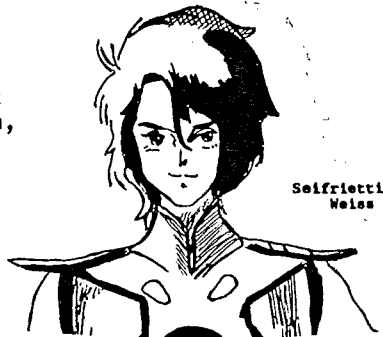
Konnichi wa henshuu-sha san!

Hurrah! Nova 10 arrived sooner, better, and thicker than expected. I mean, after doom-and-gloom Whispers #6 I expected a single sheet sometime next year. The text was worth reading, the humor was entertaining, and the art was mostly excellent (especially Lee Madison's - khest, that guy can draw!)

One teeny correction, though- the first season closing lyrics on page 48 should read "We're off in outer space". See, that didn't hurt a bit, did it?

Keep up the ichiban work!
(Wendell Martin, Anime Hasshin [formerly S.B. Arcturus], 115 Sterrett Ct. apt. 63, Birmingham, AL 35209)

**** Wendell, sometimes I think we're all "off"**



SYNOPSIS

GO SHOGUN - Les Temps Des Étrangers -by Julie Froelich

(Note, I am not a professional translator and these are not translations, rather a synopsis to give the casual view some idea of what is going on. You will find a few mistakes in this synopsis. They are in there for a reason: We try to make everyone happy and some people are only happy when they can find the mistakes someone else did. So we put them in to make those people happy too.)

("While the statement above may be utter and complete bullshit, I like it. A lot. It's my friend. I think I'll call it... 'MINE'" - Proof Rhubarb)

SPOILER WARNING: If you don't like finding out how a story ends before you see it, don't read this.

For the viewer who has seen the end of "Go Shogun" to know that the robot is out of the picture, the title may be a bit confusing as the only appearance that Go Shogun makes in this movie is as a toy dangling from Remy Shimada's mirror and in a few old photos. It is more concerned with the Go Shogun team; Remy Shimada, Killy Gagley, and Shingo Hojo, sans their old mentor and annoying Kute Kiddie. Furthermore, it reunites them with their old nemesis's, formerly of Docooga; Suegni Cuttnal, Yatta-La-Kelnagul, and Leonardo Medici Bundole.

If you haven't seen the end of "Go Shogun" suf-

in outer space. I invite debate. **

David Replies to 'Letters to Nova'

Yes, Julie, I ripped the name off that goddamned stupid grinning robot in Godzilla vs. Megalon. So WHAT? It's a good name. Also if I get sued I'll change it to "OZONE COMMANDOS staring SPACE JAGUAR" or something. Also as you know by now these are not one-shots, but just a small part of the tapestry that is Jet Jaguar.

Also, I'd just like to give an opinion of mine. If I see one more series, movie, or OVA dealing with Japanese high school kids with super powers and/or giant robots, I'm going to scream. Very loudly.

Yes, Sean Linn, Carl Macek is pretty much a jerk. He spent half an hour telling me what a screwed up job he did on CAPTAIN HARLOCK AND THE QUEEN OF 1,000 YEARS, but when I told him the direction and soundtrack on the original HARLOCK was better, he suddenly changed arguments 360 degrees and starts defending his lousy production. Well, all I can say is that once Jet is done with Sandy Frank, look out Carl.

ANIME TIMELINES -- well, at first glance I say what the hell. I outgrew needing the "training wheels" of continuity when I outgrew the X-MEN. BUT-- In Matsumoto's original Yamato manga (Shonen Sunday, not those horrid girl's Sun comics) Mamoru Kodai WAS Uchuu Kaizoku Captain Harlock. Nishizaki put a stop to that THAT soon enough, though. Also, Adieu 999 fits into Queen Millennia only sort of spiritually. The planet Heavy Metal, where Tochiho was grounded in the first 999 film, has this moon, you see, which travels in an elliptical orbit around Heavy Metal, and which is called LaMetal, which is where Maeter and her mother, that automated bitch Promecia, were banished from. So Promecia started the Mechanized Empire in Andromeda and some punk kind from Earth called Tetsuro blew it up twice. So Matel was 999's equivalent of Yayoi, Queen of 1,000 Years, sort of her spiritual sister, if you will. Non des ka?

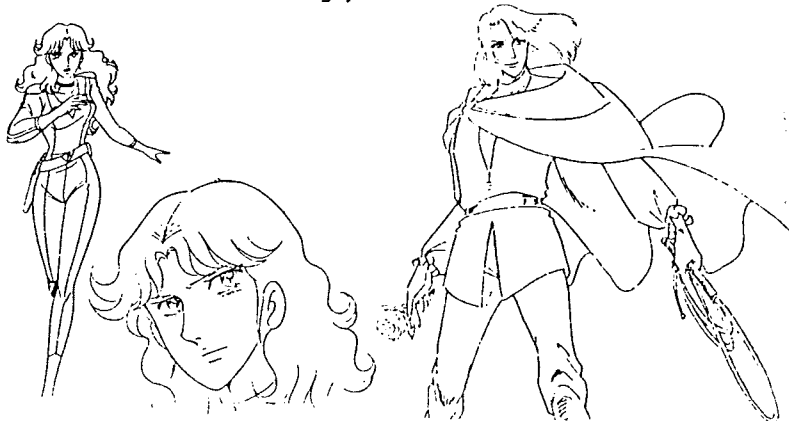
(David Merrill, Anime Hasshin-formerly S.B. Arcturus

fice to say, Docooga got it's butt kicked, the robot flew off into space with the Kute Kid (okay, so his name is Kenta Sanada -- no one cared), and Shingo and Killy both found girlfriends. Cuttnal, Kelnagul and Bundole all evidently reformed and it looked like Remy and Bundole would hook up as well.

Or so it all seemed.

The story, "Strangers in Time" (or alternately "Time of Strangers") takes place on three separate levels that nevertheless are all interrelated.

Fifteen years have passed since the defeat of the malicious Docooga organization that had held Earth under it's boot. Docooga was defeated and Earth freed, a real 'Happy Ending', but what to former heroes DO after they've won? For Remy Shimada, time hangs rather heavily on her hands and life has become rather dull and boringly routine.

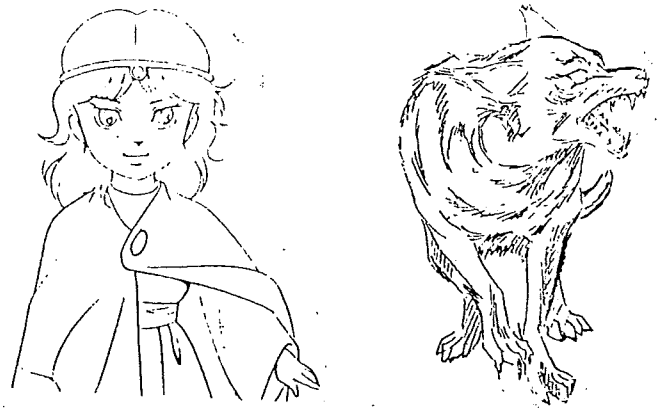


An opportunity for diversion presents itself in the form of escaping thieves who have killed police already -- Remy takes off in hot pursuit. For Remy, this is so much child's play and in a fine car-chase sequence, handily deals with the crooks. However, very unexpectedly, Remy experiences a bout of vertigo and in trying to miss a pigeon on the roadway, drives her car off the bridge and crashes to earth, far below.

In the first of a series, Remy's life flashes before her eyes, remembering her childhood and her mother, who was a prostitute to keep them fed. Remy is badly hurt in the accident and having no next of kin, Shingo and Killy are summoned to the hospital where Remy clings to life by a thread. It is determined that the vertigo and double vision was caused by a disease called Shinkosei hakkuri byo. It is an incurable disease of the nervous system and will kill Remy, with only a 1% chance that she will live. The prognosis is grim -- so the boys notify their former nemesis's who are apparently friends 15 years later. Kelnagel, whose two loves other than fighting were a certain blond and fried chicken, has made a goodly fortune at the business of Kelnagel's Kentucky Fried Chicken, but drops everything to run to the hospital where Remy is. (Kelnagel was also notified by the hospital because they were concerned with who'd pay the bill) The pill-popping Cuttnal is in the vitamin business now. And what of the third Docoogo lieutenant, Bundole? Evidently reformed from his old days of self-abuse with whips and roses, he has gone into retreat in a remote estate on his family's old wealth (Bundole was the black sheep of a very wealthy family), where Cuttnal is aiming to finagle a bit of it away. When they hear the news, they too run back as fast as Bundole's jet will take them.

What develops is literally the story of Remy's fight for life, one that she has been fighting really all of her life. The scene switches among three different but related stories. The first is Remy's unhappy childhood in France where she is something of a social outcast, but which teaches her the toughness that will lead her to be a member of the Go Shogun team later in her life.

The oddest sequence takes place on a very strange world, populated with blue-skinned and hostile



natives, lit by three suns, and almost surreal in nature. In her hotel room, Remy finds blood running out of her shower. She rushes to the roof cistern, but finds it is only filled with water. The rest of the team (Shingo, Killy, Cuttnal, Kelnagel, and Bundole) show up there, as well as a strange little girl who repeats her death-threat against Remy (having previously delivered Remy some very odd photos of herself dead, and the blood being another threat). Bundole tells Remy that they all have received similar threats that they will die here. (They all have different lengths of time to live, but Remy is closest to death - the note gave her 2 days) Indeed, it seems to be so as very soon thereafter, Cuttnal is very nearly skewered to the floor by a falling chandelier. They obviously are not welcome here. (The natives also have an annoying habit of making sure the death 'curses' come true as they are predicted.)

Meanwhile, back in her hotel room, the evening's not over for Remy just yet. She is confronted yet again by the mysterious girl and is forced to watch her own 'death' again, this time being eaten alive in a horrifyingly hair-raising sequence by a werewolf, a particularly horrible death to the self-sufficient Remy, now so helpless. This time however, she trails the girl and discovers that the equally mysterious temple seems to be related. She pursues, only to be beset by hordes of murderous natives bent on killing her. Despite their numbers being severely dented by Killy's knives and Shingo's guns and grenades, they are seemingly endless in number and relentless in pursuit. Despite everything Killy and Shingo can do, in spite of Bundole's best efforts, there's no escape from the city -- the only way out is through the graveyard, they're told.

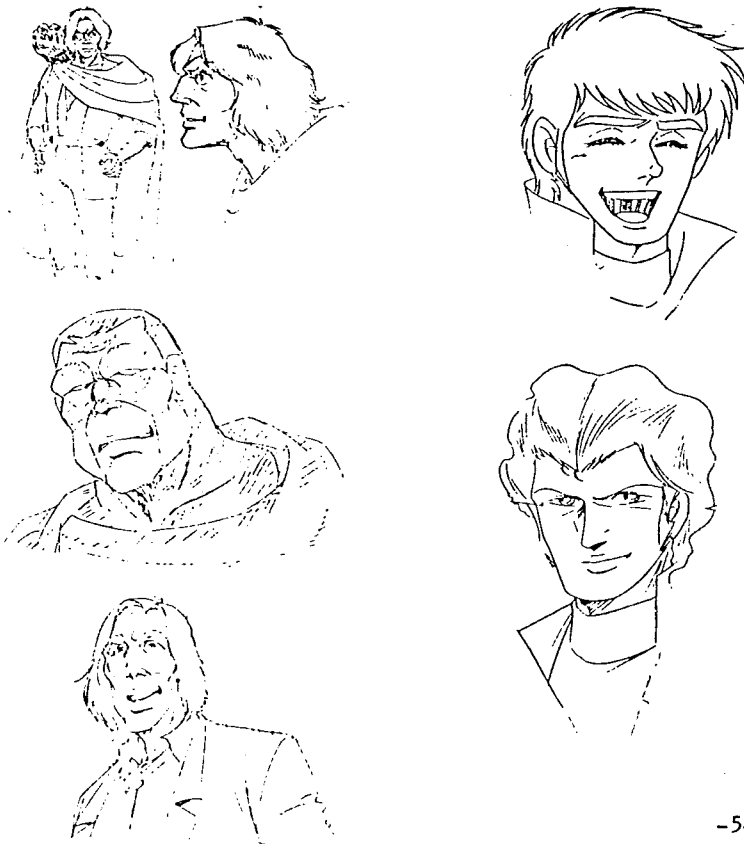
And speaking of which, back at the hospital, Remy is fading.

Meanwhile, back in Remy's hotel room, Remy (whose hand has been sprained/broken the night before) decides not to give up without a fight. She and the boys each prepare in their own ways, Remy, taking off the locket of her old boyfriend and stringing a symbolic last bullet on the chain instead. They they go out to take on the city and the citadel itself.

(SPOILER ALERT -- from here on, the end is revealed)

At the temple, Remy will have to confront the things she fears most -- Time, her own mortality, and the Black Wolf, which is one of the traditional symbols of Death. The fight taking place on this plane is entirely within Remy's own mind and self, and symbolic of her fight to stay alive. There is no exit except through the graveyard, which is to say, no one gets out of the city (Life) alive. In order to get free, she must face and defeat Death -- the Black Wolf -- at death's door itself, in the graveyard. Her friends are with her, but in the end, each has to fight alone.

Finally, she must confront the gigantic Black Wolf herself, and as it swells and looms ever larger over her, her broken hand betrays her. Remy realizes that once again, she is on her own, helpless against



relentless Death (notice in this scene the grave-stones, which direct her desperately 'Wake up!'), in one of the most moving scenes committed to film, literally has her back to the grave, loads her last bullet -- and rather than use it symbolically on herself to escape the horror after her, fights to the end and miraculously destroys the wolf, which blows away on the wind.

But back in the hospital, Remy has come to death's door as well; her heart-monitor bottoms out.

Cutting back to the graveyard, Remy tells Bunchan that he lied...and he did (he'd said he'd already outlived his death threat), it was Remy who had to fight the fight, not them, much as any of them wanted to fight it for her.

Back in the real world, our heroes are feeling very old as they walk away from the hospital where they believe Remy is dead. Remy suddenly appears on the steps, in her jumpsuit and 15 years younger. "You're beautiful!" says Bundole, and she is. The wasted 15 years are as though they've never been, and the years slip away from each of them, and they walk away. The viewer is left to draw his own conclusion whether it's symbolic that inside, none of them have really aged at all and will finally get on with their lives that they have all felt wasted, or whether in defeating Death, Remy has won back those 15 years for all of them -- or, like this story, and like two faces of a coin, do they both exist separately and together? Draw your own conclusions/moral.

THINGS YOU'LL NEVER SEE HARLOCK DOING

-by Wendell Martin & Jeff Roe

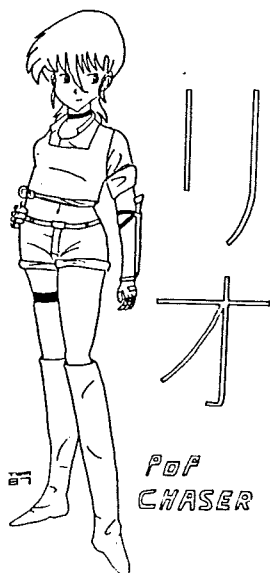
1. Break-dancing
2. Tripping on his cloak
3. Suffering from the flu
4. Forgetting his lines
5. Chewing bubblegum
6. Jogging
7. Wearing pajamas
8. Eating with chopsticks
9. Yawning
10. Wearing sneakers
11. Brushing his teeth
12. Asking for a date
13. Shaving
14. Watching TV
15. Giggling



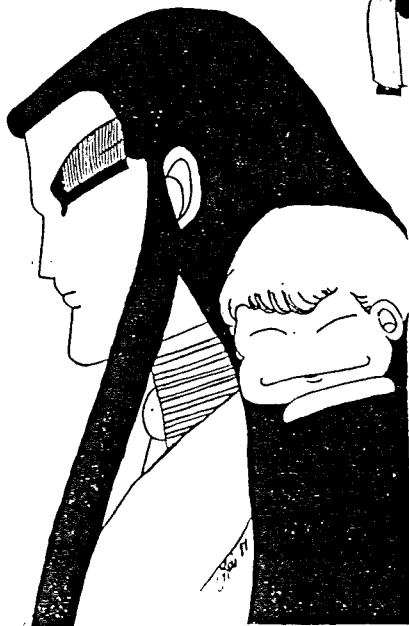
ALTERNATE TITLES FOR ANIME MOVIES

-by David Merrill

SPACE CRUISER YAMATO THE NEW VOYAGES -or- Desslok's Bad day
WINGS OF HONNEAMISE -or- The Royal Tibetan Space Force
(Ed. Note: 2nd alternate: "Wings of Old Mayonaise")
HOKUTO NO KEN -or- World Destroyed...Film at Eleven
MEGAZONE 23 pt. II -or- Eat Hot Lead Fascist Pig
HARMAGEDDON -or- High School Apocalypse



POP
CHASER



VS STS JH 11

THE

ELEGANTS

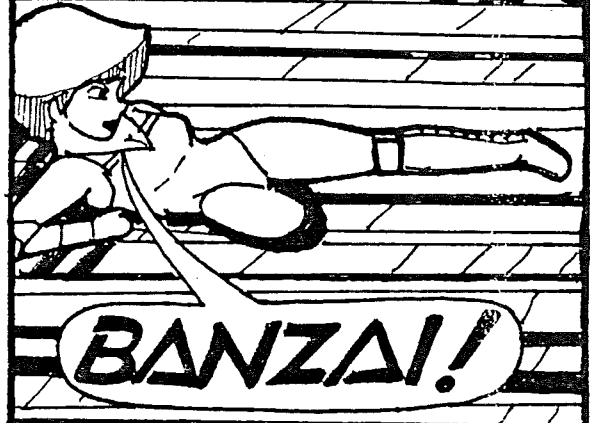
BY: MANGA MANIAC MADISON

THE LAST TIME WE SAW
RAN AND JERRY THEY
WERE IN A TIGHT SPOT...

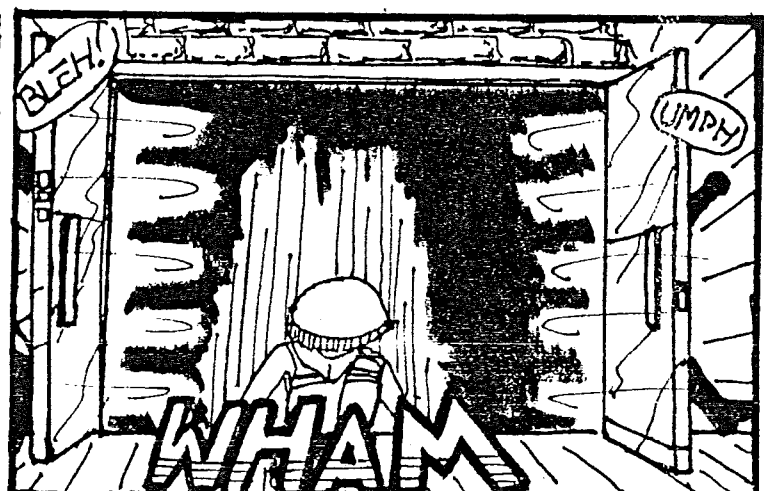
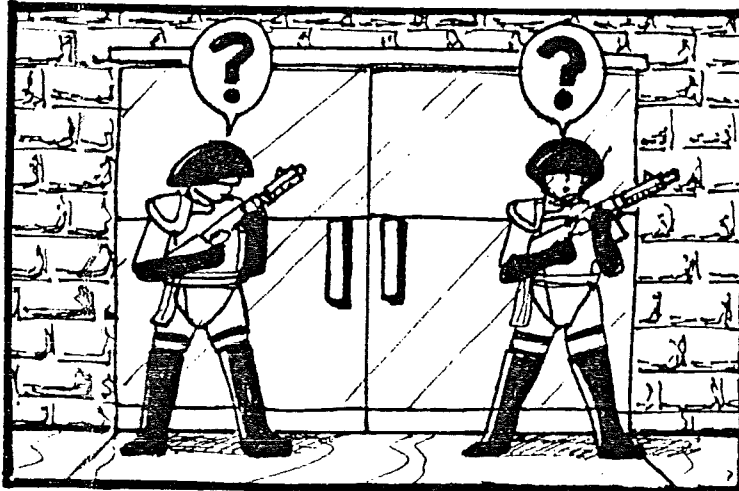


...AND YOU KNOW WHAT?

THEY STILL ARE!

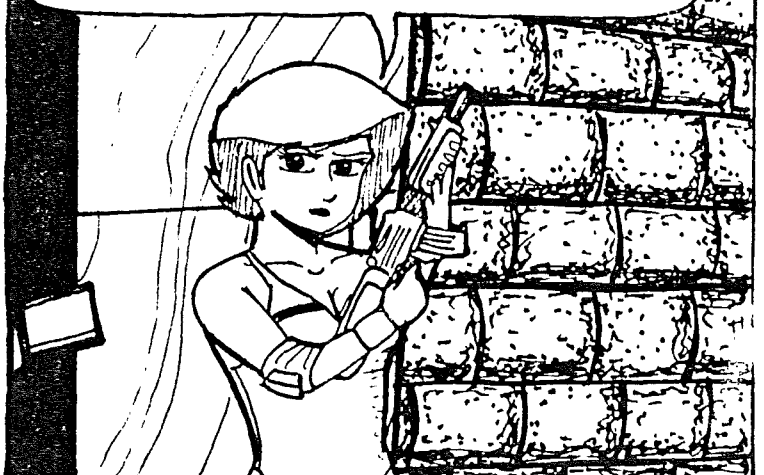


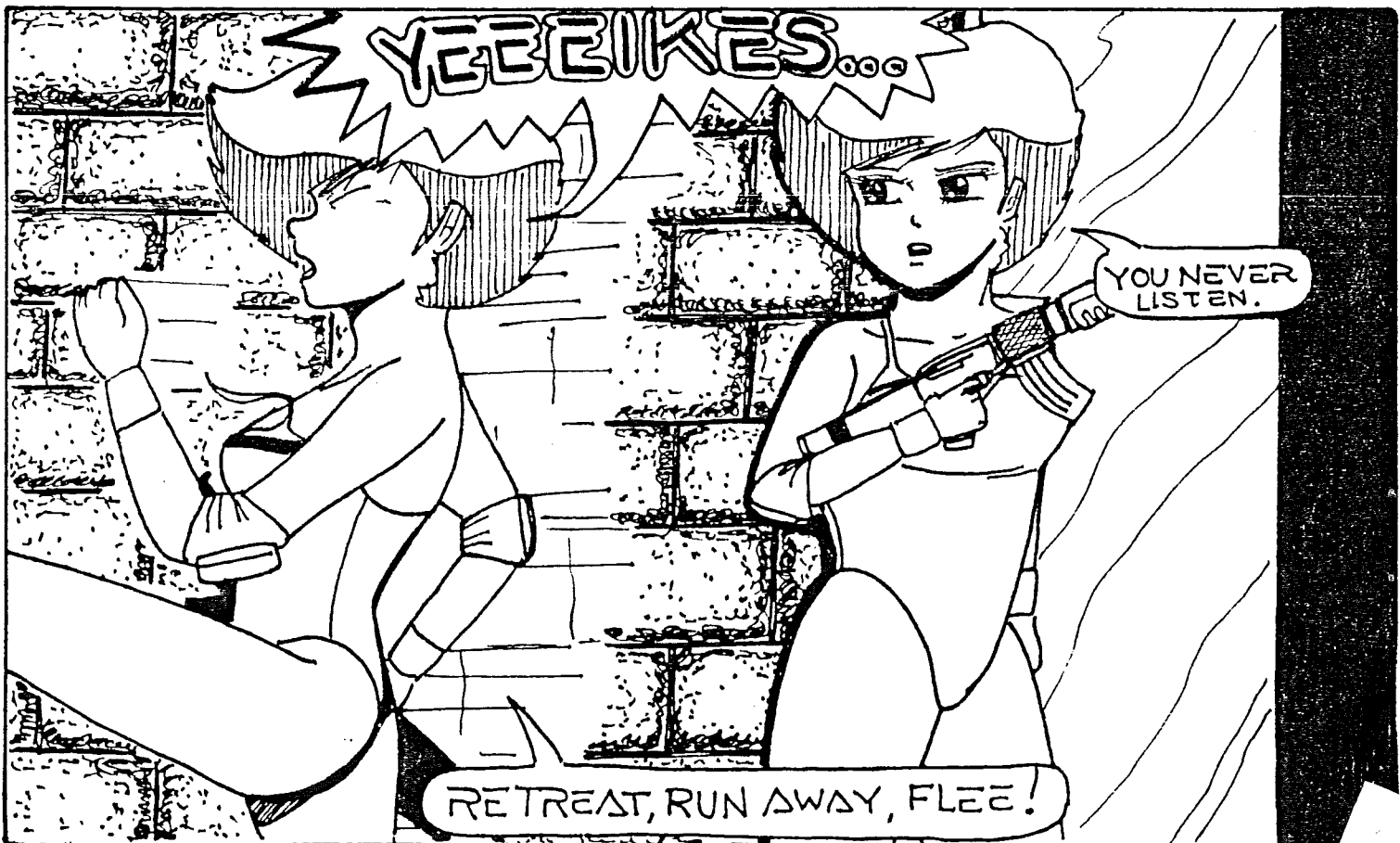
BANZAI!

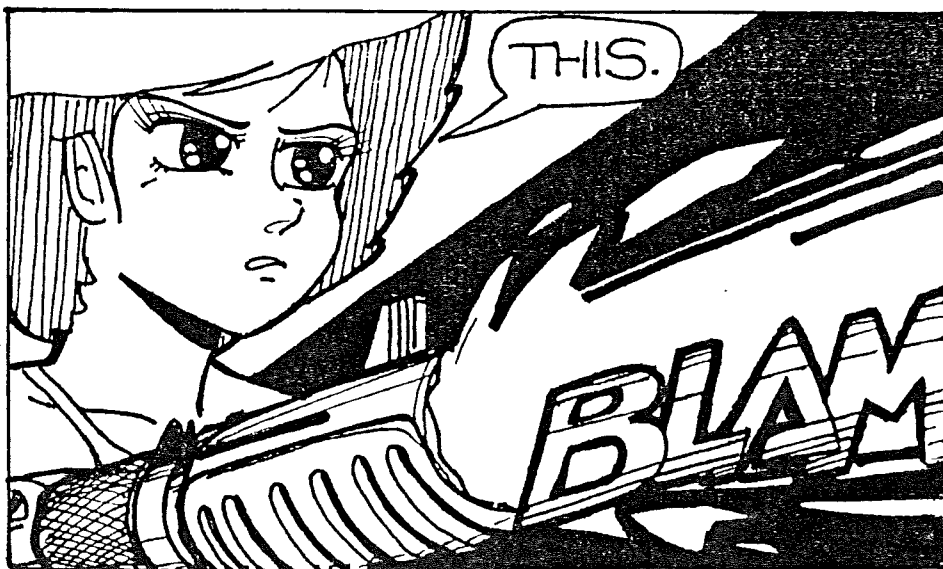
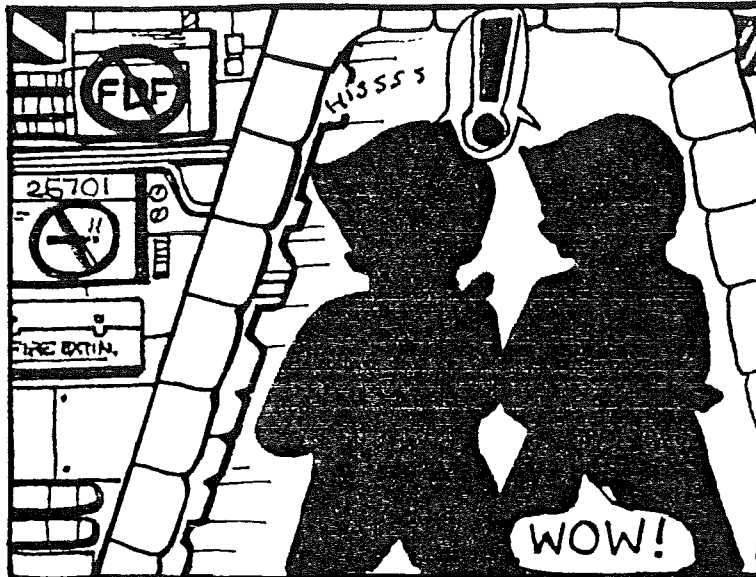
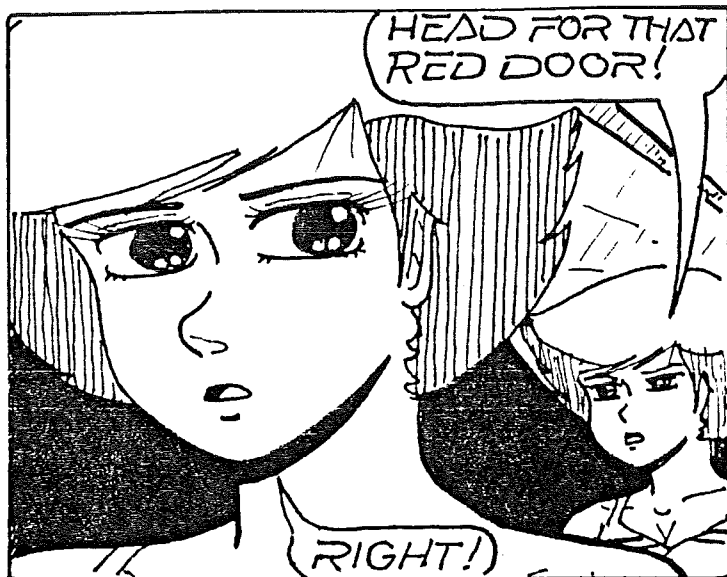


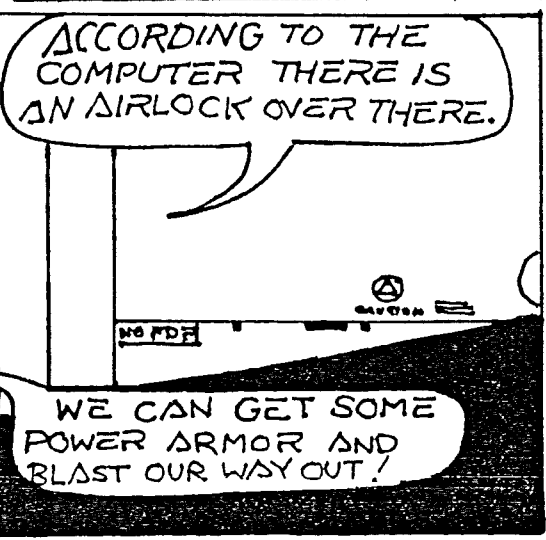
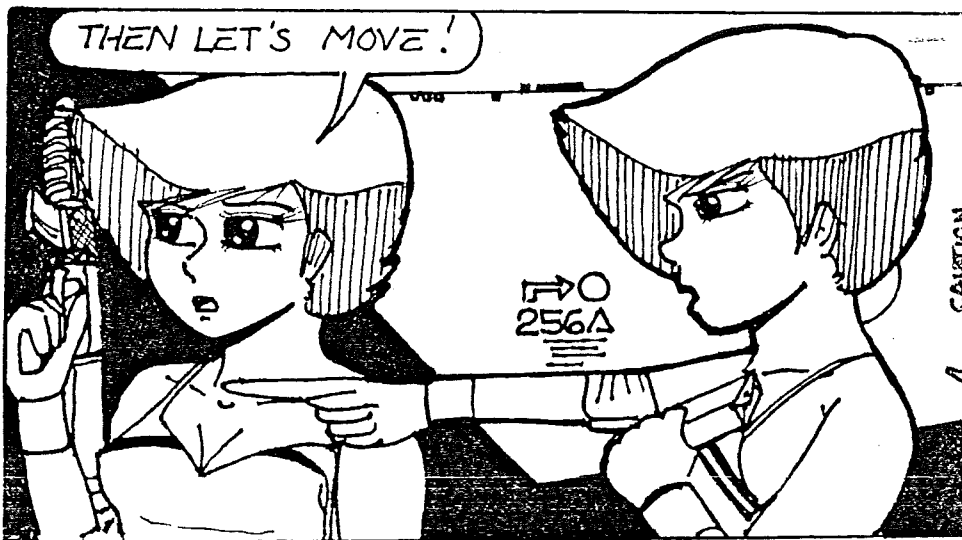
Quick! Grab
these guns before
Fongs goons
get here!

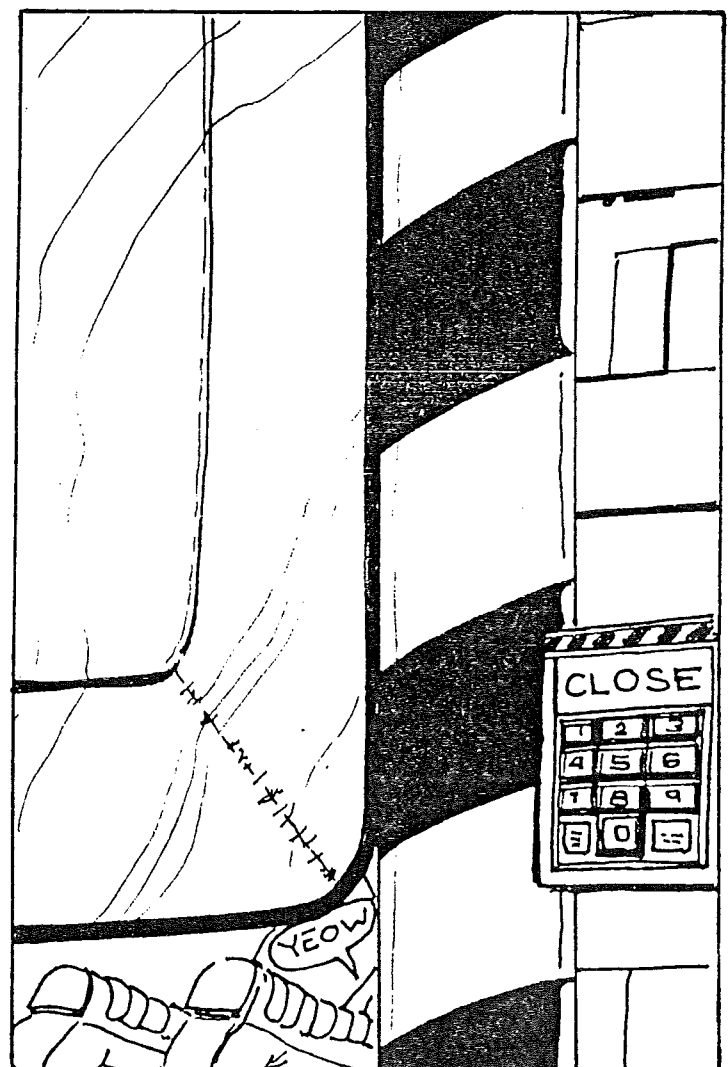
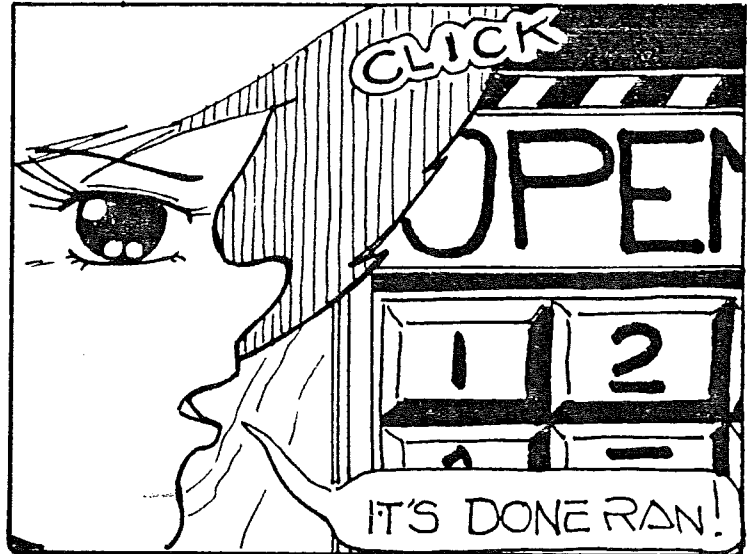
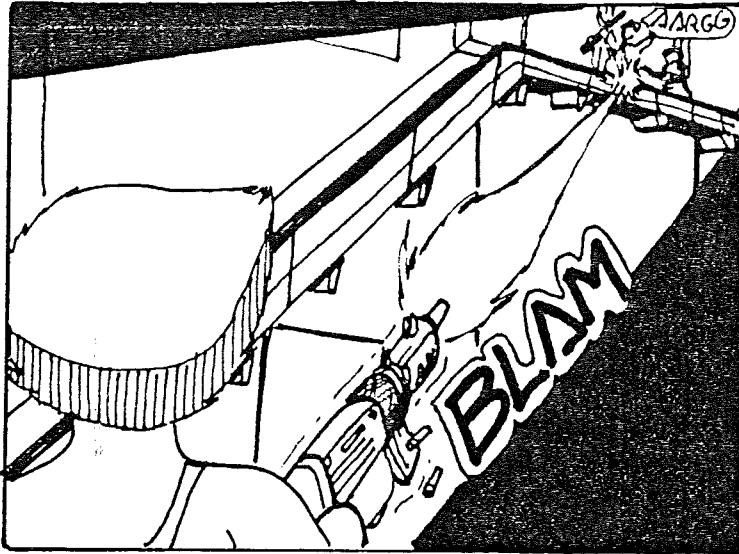
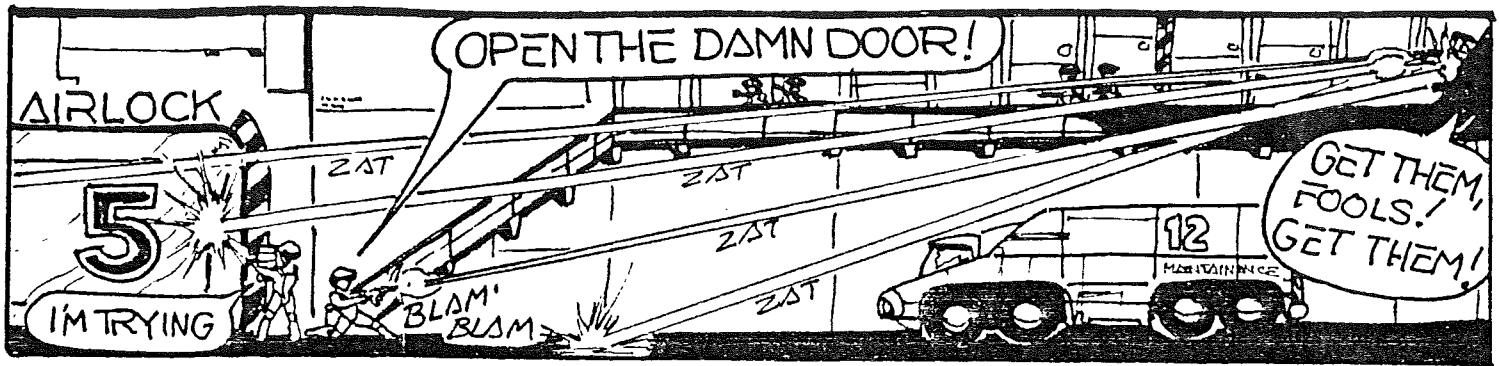
OKAY, LET'S ROCK N' ROLL JERRY!

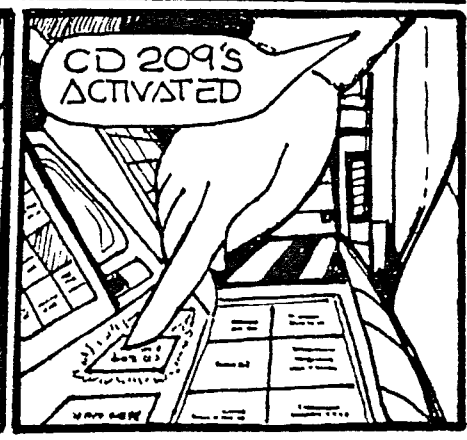
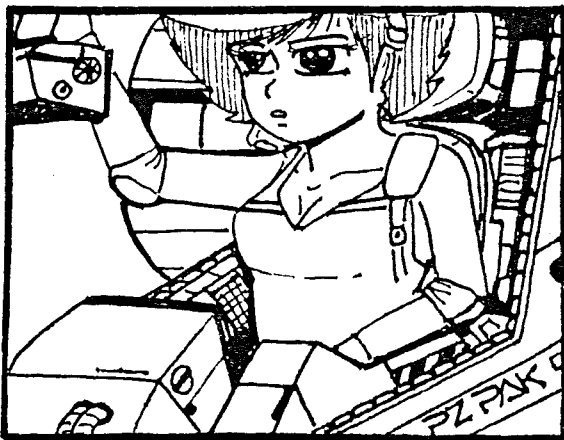
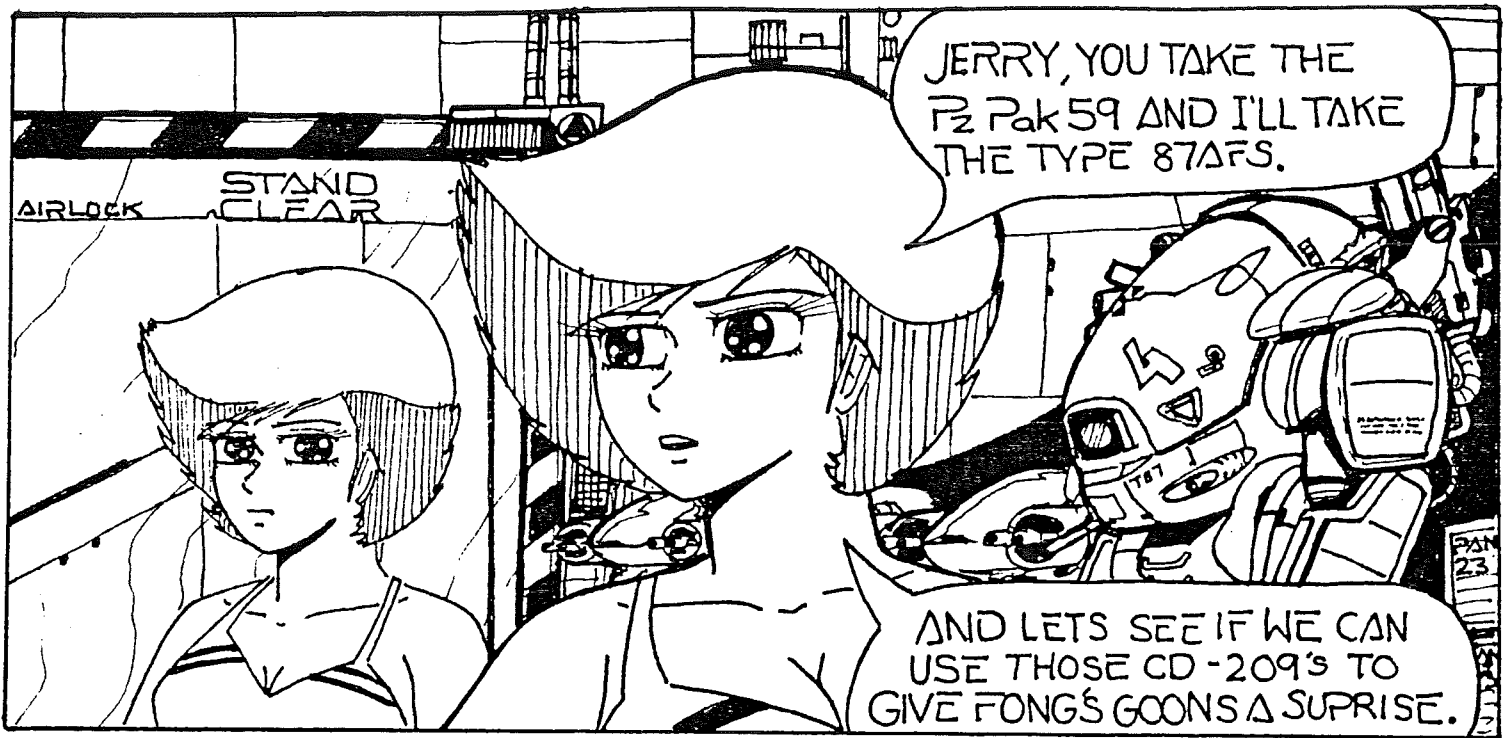


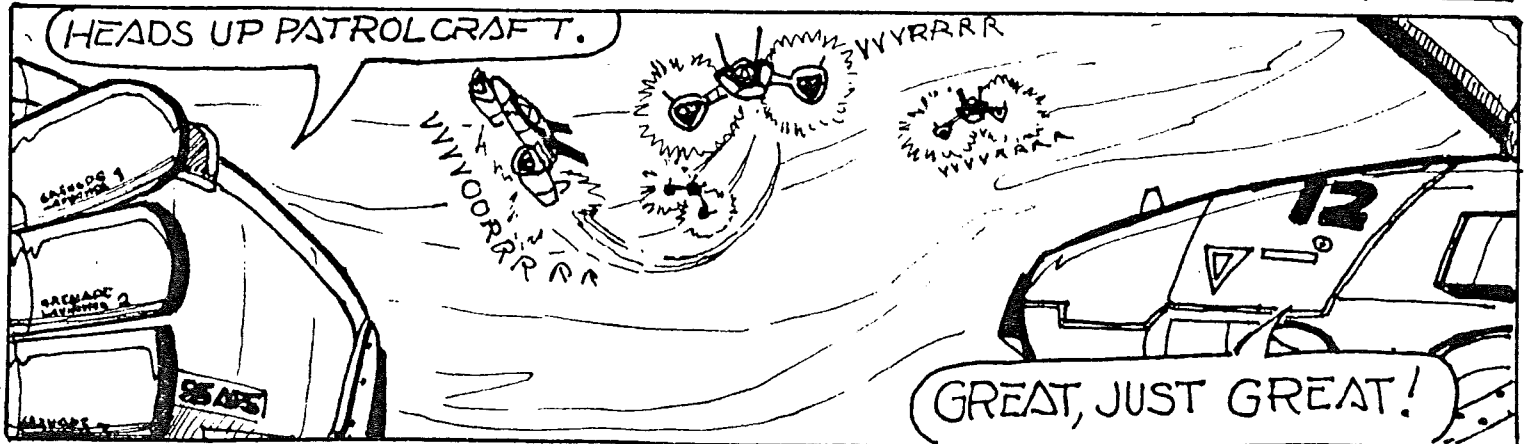
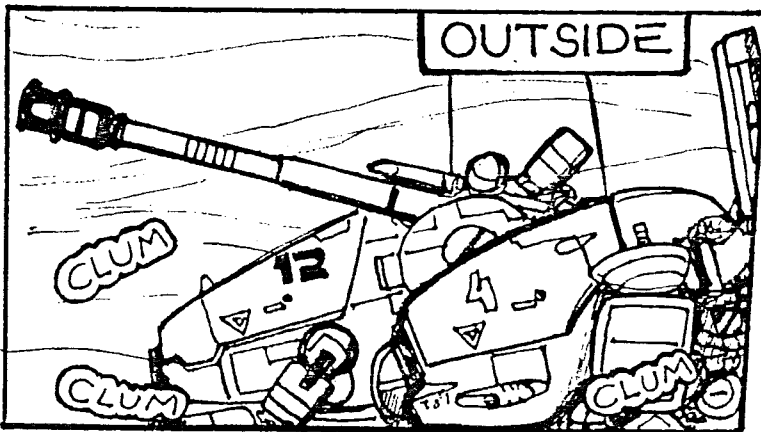
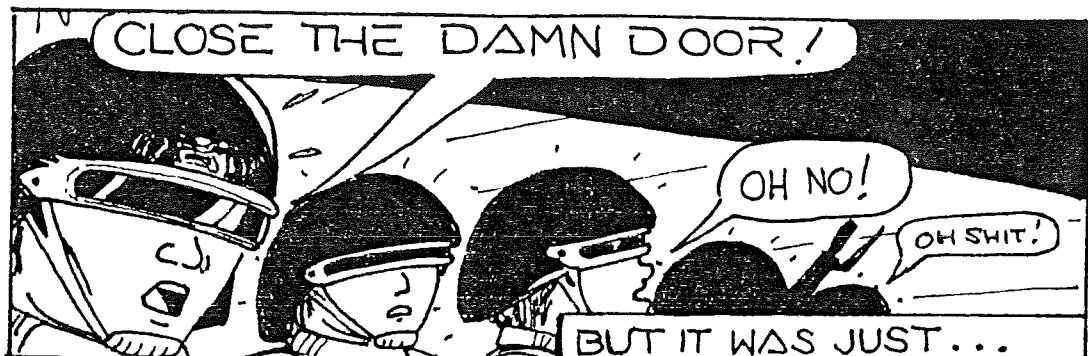


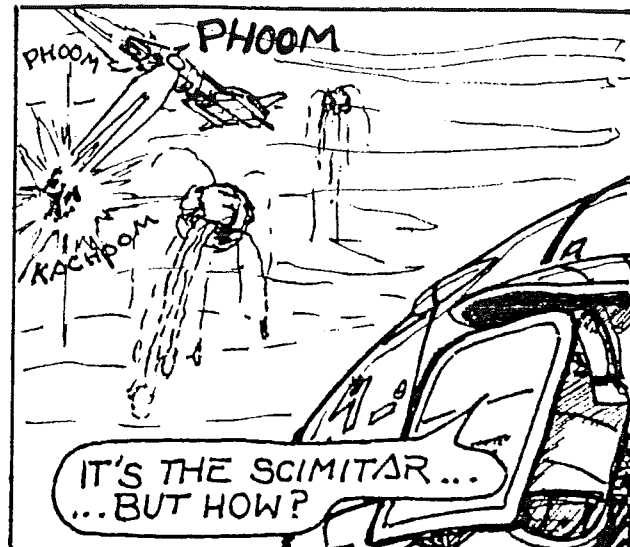
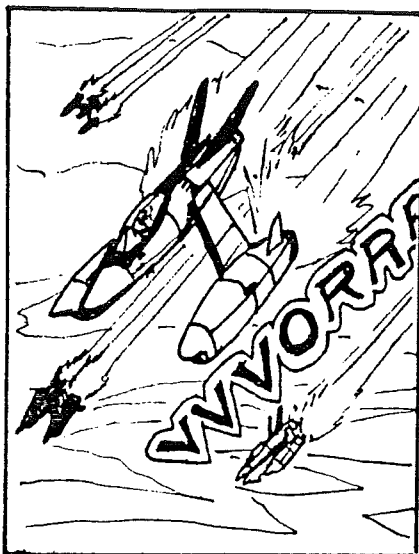




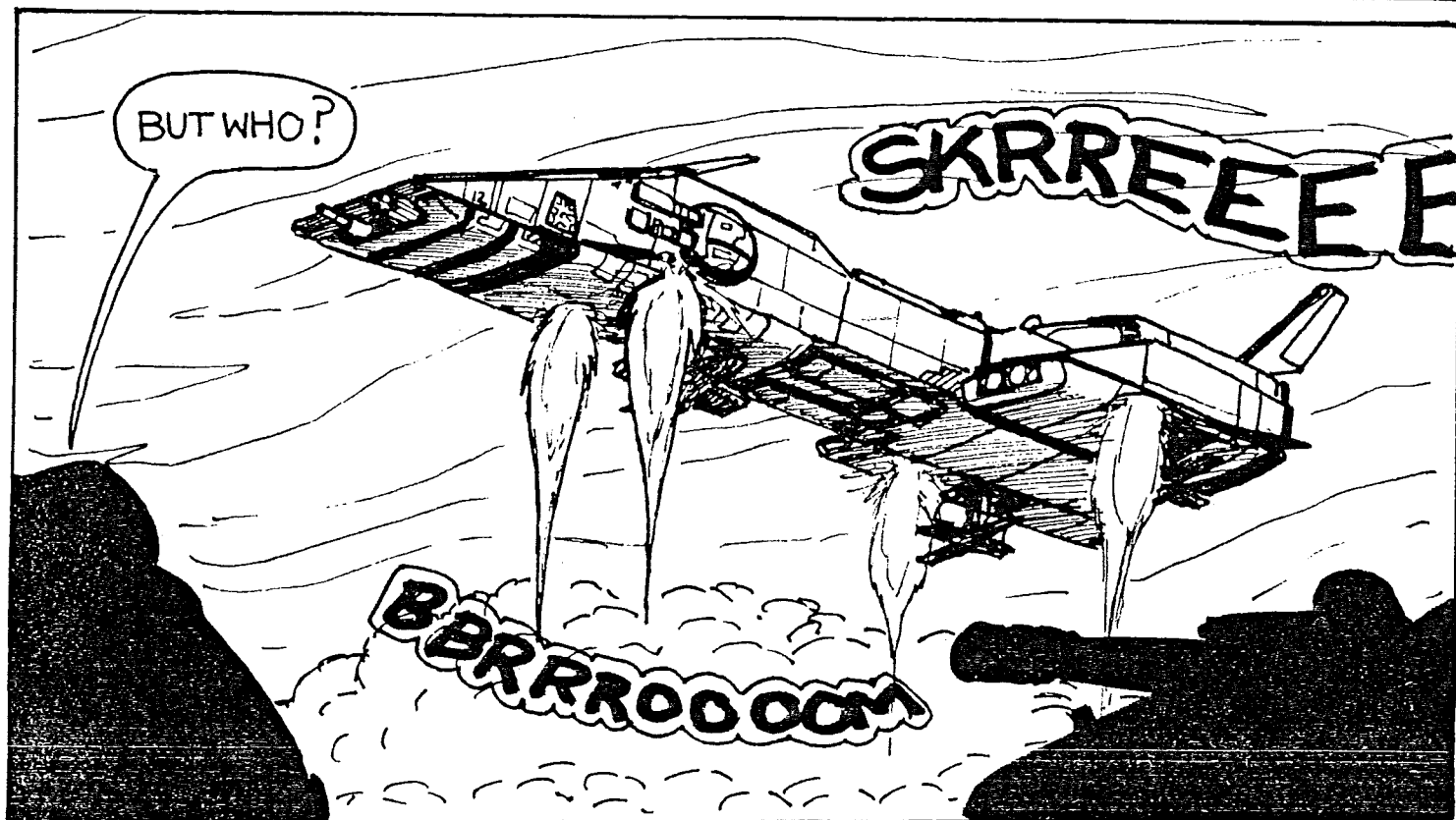




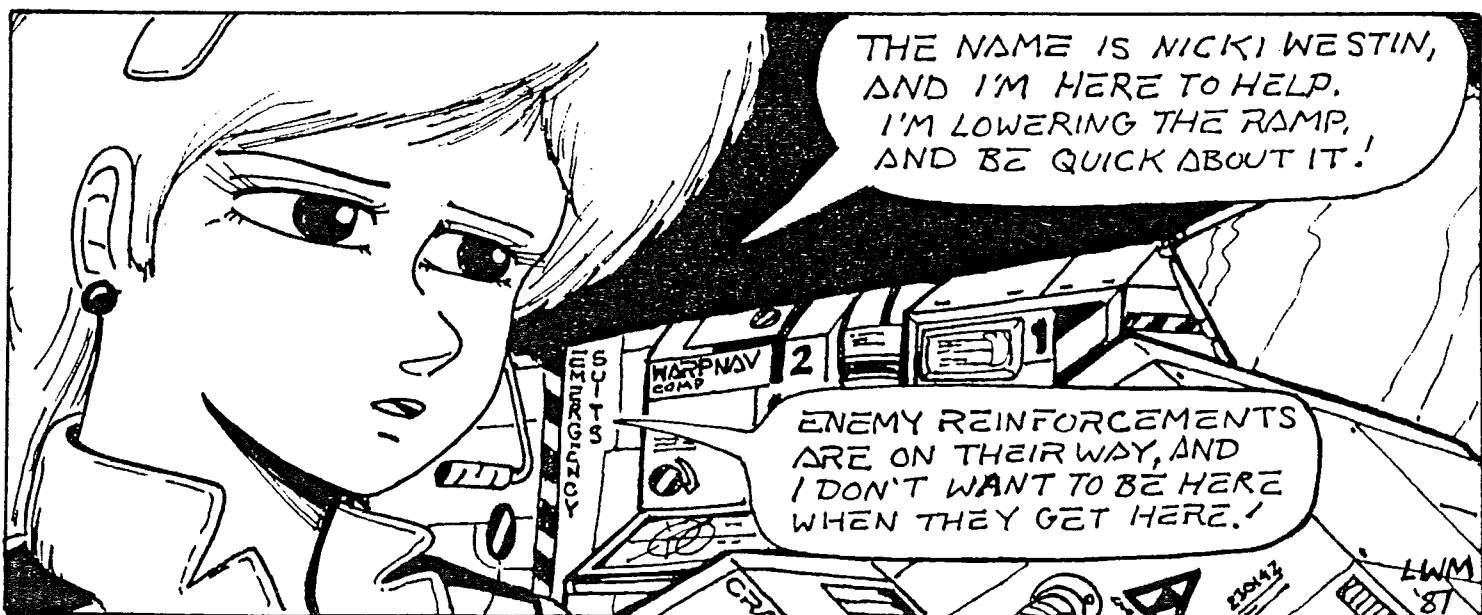




IT'S THE SCIMITAR...
...BUT HOW?



BUT WHO?



THE NAME IS NICKI WESTIN,
AND I'M HERE TO HELP.
I'M LOWERING THE RAMP,
AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

ENEMY REINFORCEMENTS
ARE ON THEIR WAY, AND
I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE
WHEN THEY GET HERE!

STORY

FLIGHT

-by Richard S. Halada

Uranus was never quite the same again, after the Station Boss lost his temper.

Earth Monitor Station 1, looking like a fat porcupine rolling lazily through the darkness around blue-green Uranus had begun another quiet shift-day. A few blasted hulks left over from a recent space battle were being dismantled for scrap by manacled hackmen. Several armed junkboats piloted by armored, snarling members of Granikov's Marauders were howling in pursuit of a slightly disabled starship whose warp engines had been confiscated to settle gambling debts. Colorful secondary explosions still lit Workspoke 71, where a weapon recovery team had misread a Gamilon manual. The galley menu featured mushroom soup. As EMS-1 reeled into the darkness of the Uranian night-side, indented engineer Michaels was planning another escape.

Inside a starsuit, underneath a stinking mound of Omni-species coveralls, huddled into the farthest tip of Laundryspoke 17, Michaels sweat, trembled and waited. "Cutting complete, Your Humanship", announced the voice on his helmet speaker. "No, no, not over the com channel", cursed Michaels, burrowing still deeper, "What if somebody..." "Who's that? Cutting what?", added Granikov through the channel. His voice was grating, nasal...threatening. Michaels screamed into his microphone, "All right, push off! Launch!"

A dozen heavy-duty porter robots spaced about the interior of the newly sawn-off Laundryspoke braced between bulkheads and the Station body lifted sharply. The spoke drifted free. Suddenly vented air carried a swirling cloud of detergent, dirt-crusting clothing, and clumsy porter robots into the vacuum bathing the night side of Uranus. Floating as part of a laundry nebula of his own in the sealed-off spoke tip, Michaels shouted, "Fire the engines!" Their whine diminishing as the last of the air escaped, fifty modified high-capacity clothes dryers blazed into life around the base of the two-hundred meter cone of the Laundryspoke. Gradually it picked up speed, narrowly missing a casino spoke and passing perilously close to the dark spoke where the reclusive Station Planner kept shop. A tumbling wake of charred apparel followed close behind.

Michaels clung to a small control panel welded to the airtight bulkhead separating the tip of the escaping laundry from the main body of the spoke. Aft, the few remaining porter robots worked to maintain the secretly rigged engines. Twisting the valve on the first of the air cylinders lining the bulkhead, Michaels pressurized the tiny cabin. "Just where do you think you're going?", crooned Granikov into the helmetphone. Granikov giggled. The hope for possible mayhem was as a gentle rainfall to the desert of his fanged soul. "To Pluto...the stars," yelled Michaels in reply, sliding the crude navigational controls to guide the spoke in the opposite direction, around the sheltering curve of Uranus. Granikov cackled now. He shook the floor in the Controlspoke as he hopped from armored foot to armored foot, dancing with glee. His bright, blue-dyed beard sprouted beneath his chrome visor and muffled his words a bit as he chortled. "Pursuit boats! With low-power weapons! Hee! I want this to last! And I want that mutinous scum alive!" In all the uproar, he was the only member who failed to hear the soft footfalls, who failed to pale at the sight of the venomous Dread Presence which now shambled behind him. In his recklessness the armored giant had awakened the Station Boss.

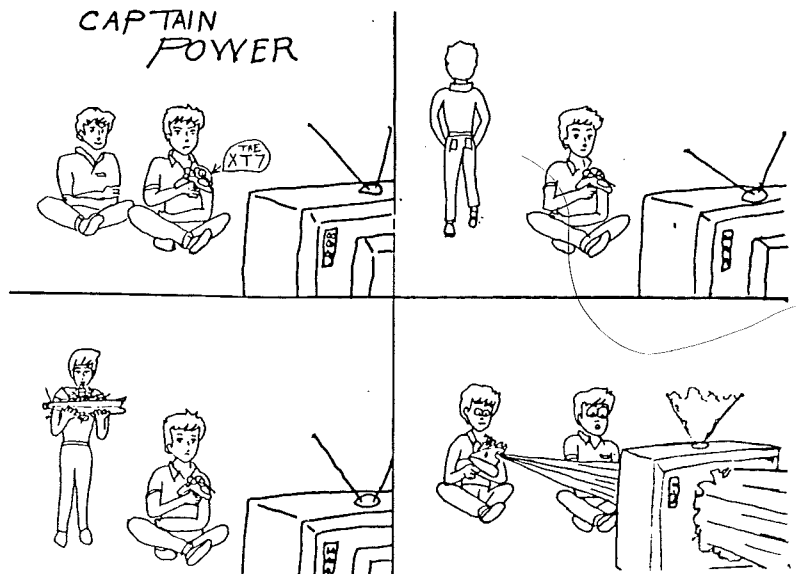
Michaels squinted at the miniature screen on the control panel, straining by sheer will to touch the

shadowy porcupine of EMS-1 behind the Uranian horizon. "Think we'll get close enough to Earth to be picked up?", he asked the lone Yupdroid who shared the cabin, handing him his helmet. "Yup," replied the robot, using one of his eight arms to stuff it into a plastic bag half filled with dirty laundry. Though stubby and lousy conversationalists, nobody could beat a Yupdroid for tidiness. "Think the air supply will hold out long enough for me to live that long?" "Yup," said the robot, snatching a weightless sock from the air. "You suppose I'll be able to sell my life story to a supermarket newschip outfit for enough cash so I can go back and buy enough of EMS-1 to teach the Boss a lesson?" "Yup," Michaels looked over at the Yupdroid. "Think we'll be recaptured and slowly roasted and dismembered over Station video?" "Yup," said the laundry droid, sealing the bag with a brief laser burst.

Granikov suddenly noticed that everyone in Control was staring at a spot somewhere behind him. He stopped chuckling. He heard a soft click. And he realized who was there. "Now I lay me down to...", he gabbled, but stopped when a bolt of white energy slammed him into a bank of equipment. He clanked to the deck in a shower of sparks, then a smoking chop-gun smashed down beside him. "Who set that thing on 'stun'!" spat the Station Boss, spit spraying through his bristling off-white beard. "That rat-in-a-can wakes me up, gives orders on my Station, and then somebody sets my gun on stun! You miserable..." The Station Boss cursed and raved, stomping barefoot the length of the Controlspoke in his standard garb of ragged military shorts and T-shirt. Then, as he paused for breath, he spotted a viewscreen, with the image of the fugitive Laundryspoke just vanishing beyond the rim of the planet below. Seizing a cowering technician by the throat, he thrust his scarlet face toward the screen. "And who," he demanded, "is that?"

Far below Michaels' escape craft, on the sunny-side of Uranus, a long-cold engine on a golden ship drifting in the methane atmosphere roared awake. Shuddering upward through the atmosphere it was shaped like a shining teardrop with a bulbous blister of the same color on one side. Within the blister-like crew quarters, all was cheering pandemonium. "The Heart of Gamilon flies again," yelled General Ripa from the table in the central dining hall. "The Leader will be overjoyed to regain his household

CAPTAIN FOYER



treasures after twenty years. Twenty long years to refine enough fuel to replace that lost in the battle. Marooned no more! We fly to Earth, the Leader's long-captured headquarters with the gleaming wealth of a planet in the cargo bay!" The two hundred survivors of the Imperial Guard raised brimming, skull-shaped flagons of exquisitely rare wine in drunken salute; then cheered again. The dryer-driven Laundryspoke sputtered high overhead.

"...and that battery of fifty wave motion guns. And that fancy Main Weapon from that busted Dead Star or whatever...and anything else that'll shoot. I want that Spoke splashed all over the Universe. I don't care if there's a planet in the way. Who asked you? Nobody steals a piece of my Station! Nobody!"

"What sort of ship is that," inquired General Rippa, frowning at the scanner. "The last twenty years must have seen some amazing advances." "Analysis of wake indicates a cloth drive," declared an ensign at a nearby console. "Amazing!" sighed the General. "Our transmitter's down again," called another no-longer-young Gamilon ensign. "We can't even talk to him then," said the General, "Keep the channels open. Perhaps he'll contact us. Every victorious Gamilon should recognize the long-lost Heart of Gamilon!"

When the EMS-1 disappeared over the Uranian horizon, Michaels had swept the laundry from a battered steel cylinder. As he flipped the activation switch, a distress call summoning the rescue ship which could carry him to Earth began radiating from the Spoke. Though the salvaged emergency beacon was over twenty years old, a veteran of the Gamilon wars, it worked perfectly.

"An Earth hostile," muttered the Gamilon general, "Still infesting this star system after all these years. Blast it." "Sorry, General, no..." "No operational cannon. Very well, then order the Imperial Guard into the blister tubes. Full assault armor, personal nukes, agony gas...the usual. No prisoners, of course." Spiritual twins to Granikov's Marauders, files of troopers were soon clanking into launch racks, whistling merrily at the thoughts of massacres to come. The golden treasure craft swung parallel to the Laundryspoke, a ship's length away. Boarding range. The Heart of Gamilon rotated until the open launch tubes atop the crew blister pointed directly toward the unarmed Spoke.

General Rippa listened wistfully for a moment to the highly offensive and obscene Slaughter Hymn broadcast by two hundred suit communicators. Recalling younger, more foolish days, he dabbed a mailed finger at a moist eye, then spoke into the Control phone, "All right, boys. Ready to hack'em apart? One for the Rippa..."

SYNOPSIS

ROBOTECH: THE MOVIE by Jeff Blend

The film starts with a Star Wars-like opening introduction, as dialogue read by the now-infamous Robotech narrator is displayed on screen fading into the starry background. In the year 1999, we are told, an alien battleship slammed into the Earth, and its databanks were subsequently transferred into a research facility. Ten years later, an alien force (the unnamed Zentraedi) went to war with Earth to get their data back. The aliens were eventually defeated, but at the cost of a devastated Earth. In the year 2027, new cities have been built from the ashes but now another threat faces Earth: The Robotech Masters, who wish to try again at regaining

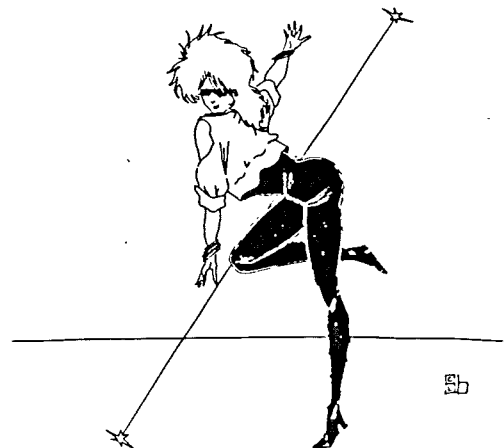
"Hahrr!" The Station Boss jabbed a button with a stubby finger, instantly plunging the Station into darkness. Thrown to the deck as the entire base rocked to the recoil of a thousand weapons, the Boss still stared with delight at the tactical display screen overhead, where a circular bullseye outlined the computed location of a fleeing workspoke. The rope of rainbow-hued engeries poured out from a thousand snouts, drilled through the methane of Uranus, burned through the far side of the planetary atmosphere, and flashed close to the Laundryspoke before becoming lost in the space between worlds, only pausing long enough to gouge a deep canyon on Mercury. A wide glowing ring of ionized hydrogen and methane rippled outward from the beam's path on both hemispheres, great luminous mushroom plumes bursting thousands of kilometers upwards.

Michaels looked up from his card game with the laundry robot. "Did you feel something?" he asked. "Yup," said the Yupdroid, drawing another card. Michaels squinted at the scanner. "A ship! There's a ship out there. Looks like a perfect golden teardrop - except for that burn on the near side. Wonder what caused that! Gash on the hull, too. Looks like a derelict. Think I should send over a few porter robots to check it out?" "Yup," replied the robot, glancing surreptitiously at Michaels' card hand.

"Analyze! Analyze!", yelled the Station Boss throttling the sensor technician. "Metal spectrum," choked the tech, "Direct hit. No doubt!" Dancing merrily about Control, using a two-step to kick the motionless Granikov, the Station Boss capered through the twi-lit passages to the steel vault of his quarters. After the door slammed shut, the Control crew relaxed, debating casually what could be done with Granikov before he fully awoke. The technician with hand-prints still circling his neck turned to the ensign at the next post. "The spectrum, you know, didn't match the Spoke's composition." The ensign merely raised a finger to his lips. "Shhh", he said, "You want the Boss back here?" The matter was dropped.

Taking a long swig of an exquisitely rare Gamilon wine, Michaels squinted at his tiny viewscreen. It showed porter robots cramming the wealth of a planet into the cavernous interior of the Laundryspoke, and bolting massive salvaged Gamilon drive units to the spoke hull. "What do you think, droid? Should I use this loot to buy a controlling interest in EMS-1? Or just to arm a battle-fortress stuffed with enough marines to hound the Station Boss from the galaxy?" "Yup," said the robot, laying down one of the eight card hands he held, "Royal flush."

EVE



"their lost technology" -- and then destroy the Earth.

The Masters begin their military campaign by raiding a city and abducting civilians and soldiers, one of which is Colonel B.D. Andrews. The Masters decide on a strategy of destroying the enemy from within, so they replace Andrews with a biogenetic twin known as a "simulant". The original Andrews is destroyed, and the twin is sent back to Earth in his place to fetch the lost databanks from E.V.E. -- the Robotech supercomputer.

"Andrews" starts by quarantining the combat area and publicly squelching rumors to the outside world that an enemy force has attacked. A soldier, Todd Harris, escapes to a neighboring province, using a transformable motorbike. Known as the MODAT-5 (Mobile Database Terminal #5; the other four are in government hands), the bike is a remote extension of the E.V.E. computer. At a clandestine meeting, Todd passes the MODAT on to his friend, Mark Landry, before government agents arrive to eliminate both of them. Mark escapes on the MODAT, but Todd is shot and killed.

Mark stashes the MODAT away in a safe place and then rushes off to take his girlfriend, Becky Michaels, to a dancing audition. In the meantime, the Supreme Command, headed by our old friends Leonard and Emerson, launches a massive attack against the Robotech Masters. The strike fails disastrously, thanks to some timely tips to the Masters on the attack plans by Andrews. Using the fiasco to his advantage, Andrews lobbies the Command to use E.V.E.'s programming for Earth's entire planetary defense system. Andrews prevails and is also given complete charge of the E.V.E. computer. For starters as a "warm-up exercise", he orders his technicians to begin transmitting the E.V.E.'s memory matrix to an abandoned space satellite -- and the Robotech Masters, who are listening in on the transmission frequency and recording the data.

Meanwhile, Mark has been cast for a student film by Kelly, one of Becky's roommates. Mark is somewhat peeved as he realizes he was selected more because of his motorbike stunt work than for his acting abilities, but he accepts the job anyway, figuring it would be a good way to expose the bike to the public. Kelly, with the help of another roommate Stacy, films Mark and Becky on the MODAT, making themselves in the process also targets for Andrews and the government.

Mark tries to expose the government cover-up by phoning in to a live talk show and speaking with Eve, the host and a popular singing star. As Mark begins to speak, however, his signal is yanked from the airwaves by government forces (unknownst to Mark). Eve continues to talk with Mark as if they were still being aired, keeping Mark busy until he can be surrounded and eliminated. The result is a spectacular highway chase from which Mark barely escapes, thanks to the MODAT's transformation abilities.

Mark later sneaks into the TV studio to talk with the singer in person. He discovers, however, that Eve is in reality an Enhanced Video Emulation -- a holographic simulacrum produced by the E.V.E. supercomputer. "Great!" sneers Mark. "My only lead turns out to be a video game!"

Out driving around on the MODAT, Mark is contacted by the "video game" via the bike's communication system. Eve spills the beans to Mark about what has been going on -- The Robotech Masters, Andrews, the invasion, etc. -- and asks Mark for his help. Guiding the MODAT automatically, Eve leads a somewhat reluctant Mark underground to the main E.V.E. complex. Once there, he is attacked by Andrews and his lackeys, but Mark does well under fire and manages to get Andrews at his mercy. He confronts Andrews at gunpoint and accuses him of all the dirty dealings and cover-ups. But Andrews does a masterful job of totally confusing Mark by telling him that Todd Harris had been saying weird stories about alien

invaders and such for quite some time now and that he would probably be mentally incapacitated for the rest of his life (at this point, Mark isn't aware of Todd's death). All the talk of aliens and invasions, says Andrews, was simple science-fiction invented to lure Mark here underground and get the MODAT back. Andrews tells Mark to be smart, hand over the bike, and get out of the mess while he still can. "Nothing's going to happen to me as long as I have the bike.. and the film we made of it!" shoots back Mark as he returns to the surface city.

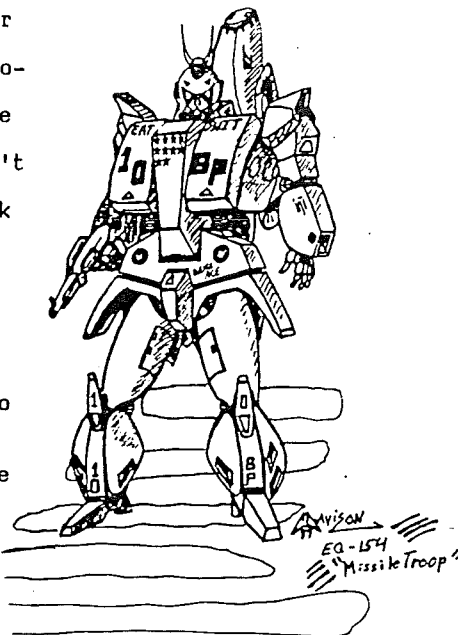
As if Mark didn't have enough problems, he still has to deal with personal difficulties. Becky is successful in her bid for the dancing job, but Roger the director has somewhat more personal plans for Becky at the hotel. Fortunately, Mark has followed them there and, using the MODAT's surveillance devices, discovers what's going on and "rescues" Becky. While inwardly grateful, Becky still tells Mark to mind his own business into what she does. A squabble results, and Becky leaves in a huff.

In the meantime the Earth forces, personally led by Emerson, engage the enemy in space. But things still don't proceed well for the Terrans as the E.V.E. -- which is still being tied into the fleet's computers and is running the whole battle strategy -- begins to perform erratically and not follow the battle programs. To save what's left of the fleet, Emerson overrides the E.V.E. by throwing the flagship's systems into hyperdrive.

Meanwhile, several of the E.V.E. technicians have become concerned over Andrews' orders to transmit the computer memory matrix to the derelict satellite. Fearing (quite correctly) that the enemy could intercept the transmissions, one of these technicians secretly contacts Professor Embry, Stacy's father and Minister of Computer Science. Hearing from the technician what has been going on, Embry orders that the transmissions be stopped. Upon learning that Embry has pulled the plug on the transmissions, Andrews is enraged and commences his last resort: total overthrow of the government. His bloody coup is successful, and Andrews (now self-imposed Prime Minister) orders the resumption of the signals...and the carrying-out of some unfinished business...

Mark, Becky, and Stacy discover the results of the business a little while later in the apartment -- Kelly shot dead and the film of the MODAT gone. "This time I'll make them pay!" swears Mark running back out the door for the MODAT. After he leaves, Stacy gets a call from her father. He tells her that there has been some trouble in the Ministry and he wants her to go away with him for awhile until things quiet down. There's a plane waiting for her at the airport...

Chaos reigns in the streets as Mark tears the MODAT through the city, zooming towards the computer complex...and Andrews, who is in the middle of a staff discussion. It's determined that Professor Embry could still possibly regain control of the E.V.E. from the main Alaska base. Andrews orders his men to find Embry and eliminate him for good.



Mark encounters Andrews' Battloids waiting for him underground, but Mark gets past them and penetrates inside the main E.V.E. computer core structure. The MODAT's power reserves, however, are beginning to run dry and, by the time he meets Andrews in his robot, he doesn't have a chance. Andrews soundly beats the crud out of Mark and the MODAT and leaves him for dead.

Stacy says her goodbyes to Becky and leaves the apartment in a chauffeur-driven limousine. Unknown to her, she is being tracked by Andrews' men.

Inside the battered MODAT, Eve urges Mark to wake up and head for the airport immediately to save Embry and Stacy. The MODAT is useless junk now, but EVE has readied a fighter plane at a nearby hangar for Mark to use. Getting past the guards stationed there, Mark takes off in the fighter, blasting up through the street pavement. At the apartment, Becky sees the strange plane heading for the airport. Fearing for Stacy, Becky runs off for the same destination.

E.V.E., in the meantime, is trying to turn the tables on Andrews' dirty work by supplying the startled Supreme Command detailed schematics of the enemy fleet and their possible weak spots. The Command is not sure it can trust the data, given all the problems the E.V.E. has been having, but it seems



that they have little choice. A major offensive is now underway, and the enemy battleships have entered atmosphere to take the battle to the surface itself.

Stacy finally arrives at the airport, where her father greets her. The moment now at hand, Andrews orders his men to move in immediately. The plane is surrounded, and Andrews is ready to blast Stacy and Embry to dust when Mark appears in the nick of time. Andrews shoots up Mark's fighter, and Mark ejects via Battloid just before the plane crashes.

A strike force is organized to attempt to penetrate the enemy deflector screens and hit the computed weak point. The drop of Battloids is successful, and the mecha seeks out, finds, and hits the target. Thanks to the E.V.E. data (and a lot of Southern Cross footage), the battleship fleet is crippled and crashes to the ground.

Back at the airport, Mark takes on Andrews'

lackeys in their respective Battloids. He fights through them easily and attacks Andrews' Battloid itself. It's a fight for awhile, but once again Mark gets Andrews at his mercy -- and this time there will be no mercy. "I've got a message for you from Todd and Kelly!" snarls Mark as he finishes off the screaming Andrews.

The rest is mop-up as Mark's Battloid carries Stacy and her father from the burning wreckage. Becky finally arrives to greet Mark as the scene fades out for the ending credit. The Robotech Masters have been defeated...for now.

THE END

Robotech: The Movie was test-premiered in the Dallas-Ft. Worth area of Texas starting July 25th, 1986. It aired for about two weeks. The film is approximately 75 minutes long and filmed in Dolby stereo (unfortunately, viewers in Dallas couldn't enjoy the nice Dolby stereo because none of the theatres showing the movie would take a little extra time and hook up the Dolby. **ARRGH!**)

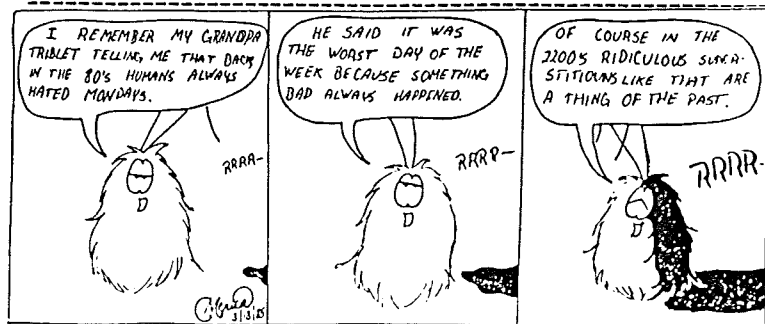
60% of the movie's footage is taken from the Japanese home video feature Megazone 23 Part 1. Another 20% or so is taken from old Southern Cross (Robotech Masters) footage. 12% more is all new animation especially drawn up for the movie (this was a major contributor to the film's total budget of [ouch!] \$10 Million). A final 8% or so is taken up by credits. All of this was blended together for this movie into what amounts to a prequel to the Southern Cross segment of Robotech (supposedly the film occurs about 4 days before the first episode of the Southern Cross series).

Note that this article is not a review of the film. To go over all that was good in the film (and especially all that was bad) would take quite awhile. You will find that review later on in this fanzine.

Robotech: The Movie. A Harmony Gold presentation. Distributed by Cannon Releasing Corporation. Rated PG. Produced by Ahmed Agrama and Miura Toru. Directed by Carl Macek and Ishiguro Noburo. Screenplay by Ardwright Chamberlain based on a story by Carl Macek. Production supervisor: Alan Letz. Executive producers: Frank and Jehan Agrama. Orchestral score by Ulpio Minucci and Arlon Ober. Music by Three Dog Night, JoAnn Harris, Michael Bradley, and Gigi.

Cast: Mark Landry: Ryan O'Flannigan
Colonel B.D. Andrews: Greg Snow
Becky Michaels: Brittany Harlow
Eve: Muriel Fargo
General Leonard: Guy Garrett
Commander Rolf Emerson: Jeffrey Platt
Kelly: Penny Sweet
Stacy: Wendee Swan
Professor Embry: Merle Pearson
Robotech Master: A. Gregory
Robotech Master: Guy Garrett
Todd Harris: Don Awanre
Nick: Anthony Wayne

A big thanks here for: BOB MILLER, whose review of the film for the fanzine Comlink was a big help in this synopsis; and LORY WHITE and CHRIS MARAVILLA, who offered nice information and support.



LYRICS

"STELLAR DEJA VU" (Main theme to Southern Cross)

Somewhere in a distant world
We two passed each other
The feelings of time when we gently
embraced
Deja vu....you and me alone
Don't refuse....the shower of my
love
Deja vu....you and me alone
A single star shines in my heart
The Southern Cross Road
The Southern Cross Road
My glittering lullabye.

My wounds have healed, and I'm all right
But for you, it's a lonely day
Certainly cheerless
The music is for crying time
Deja vu....everyone together
For this evening, only one dress will
suit me
Deja Vu....everyone together
It's called Destiny - my thoughts of love
The Southern Cross Road
The Southern Cross Road
A loving lullabye.

(Translated by D. Jones, from ANS #3)

STORY

FORETIDINGS

Chapter Two
-by Pat Munson-Siter

Almost a year later, Earth's sun had been "repaired" by a device the Yamato had brought back, and Earth was once more safe. Kathryn Kimaura, wearing the red-lined blue uniform coat of the EDC over a pilot's black and gold, walked into the office of Admiral Ietsu Mori, the personnel Assignments chief. She could now walk almost as gracefully as she had in the past, extensive physical therapy having enabled her to overcome the stiffness and pain inherent in the scars she still bore from the events on the Prince of Wales. The secretary barely glanced at her, keyed an intercom and waved her to one of the offices.

Of course, it was not the Admiral himself she saw. Instead it was Captain Williams, the man in charge of pilot assignments.

"Sir, Lt. Kimaura reorting as ordered," she said, coming to attention in front of his desk.

"Sit down, Kimaura," he waved her to a chair, watching her closely as she moved. "How are the injuries now?"

"I have full range of motion back, sir," she replied. "Occasional tenderness, but the doctors tell me that will disappear with time, too. They've released me to full active duty and flying status as of this morning.

He nodded. "I have a copy of the report," he said, fingers drumming on his desk. "Kathryn, by rights you've earned a berth as squadron commander. Problem is, I don't have a spot for you at the moment. The best I can do at the moment is offer you a flight commander's position on the Yamato, which came in this morning and has several openings. The next opening of any type other than general pilot won't be for at least seven months..."

"I understand, sir. Young told me three months ago, just before the Prince shipped out, that they'd filled my post. The Yamato, though?"

Williams nodded. "It may be difficult at first, as you'll be the only new officer on board, rather than one of several," he said. "Plus, you'll be riding herd on a bunch of new cadets, as we're transferring most of her junior pilots into other ships that need them."

"Well, sounds like it'll be a challenge, anyway," Kimaura smiled slightly. "The Yamato is it, then."

"Good. You'll report to the surface station on Phobos, where you'll join up with the pilots we've scheduled for the Yamato. You'll have a little over a month to get them broken in before the ship will pick you up. You'll take the shuttle out tomorrow at 1200

hours. Oh -- you're hereby promoted to Lt. Commander too. Congratulations, Kimaura. "I-thank you, sir." Kimaura stood, saluted, and left, head awl. She hadn't expected an assignment THAT fast - and to be posted to the near-legendary Yamato almost made up for the disappointment of not getting her own squadron. And a promotion...! She'd better get her stuff packed.

Later that afternoon she took a trip out to the area known as Hero's Hill, a monument to all those who had died in defense of the Earth. The upper row was devoted to memorials to people who had died on the Yamato during her trip to Iskandar, the following war with the Comet Empire, and struggle against the Dark Nebulans and the most recent fight with the Bolar Commonwealth. Kimaura walked past those honored stones, giving a brief salute to the statue of Capt. Okita. But her place was not here...she might be assigned to that ship now, but she didn't belong to the crew yet. She continued onward until she reached the row commemorating those who had died on Pluto so many years ago, when the Gamilons had initially attacked the EDC outpost there. Finding her older brother's name on the stones, she placed the wreath she had brought with her below that name, stood back and saluted.

I think you would have been proud of me, if you were still alive, David. she said to his spirit, wherever it was. **Your little sister has done pretty well. I just wish you and Mom and Dad could be alive to see it.** ali

Sitting down in front of the memorial, she pulled the bottle of rice wine from her bag and uncorked it, then dug a small glass out. Pouring herself a small amount, she looked out to sea and let herself remember her brother David.

Despite his being older than her by several years, she now suspected that he'd been a little frightened and maybe jealous of his younger sister's intelligence, although he'd masked those feelings by constant challenges and teasing. Certainly it hadn't helped when she started reading his textbooks and could answer his homework faster than he could. To Kathryn, studying and doing term papers was fun. For David, it was work. still, despite the stresses inherent in their situation, they'd become pretty close - closer than either of them had been to their younger siblings. She'd been as excited as he'd been when he was accepted into the Space Academy as a pilot candidate, and he was the one who'd taught her to fly and insured her pilot's rating was officially



logged. He'd been graduated and on duty for a year when their parents were killed in that aircar accident. David had come home on emergency leave for the funeral and to make sure everything had been taken care of.

"Well, I'm entering the Institute of Astrophysics on an EDC scholarship next month," she'd told him. "Aunt Denise and Uncle Joe have promised to take care of Kevin and Constance until they're older. They'll be together -- and neither you nor I would be there anyway, even if Mom and Dad hadn't...." her voice had died at that point as she fought back tears.

"I know, kitten," he'd replied, an arm around her shoulders and tears in his own eyes. "I know..."

She'd been almost through with her Masters and she'd been alone in her grief, with no one really able to console her. Kevin and Constance, both considerably younger, had never been that close with her, and had grown even more distant over the years. In an attempt to forget the depths of her grief, she'd thrown herself into her work. She'd been lucky enough to have been included in the work group assigned to working out the details of the wave motion gun and the wave motion engine - and her work there had helped her earn her PhD. She'd done just enough work on the wave motion principles to know there were even more possibilities in those equations when she'd been pulled away to work on stellar navigation systems. The reports the Yamato had brought back from its trip to Iskandar indicated quite a few improvements could be made in current technology.

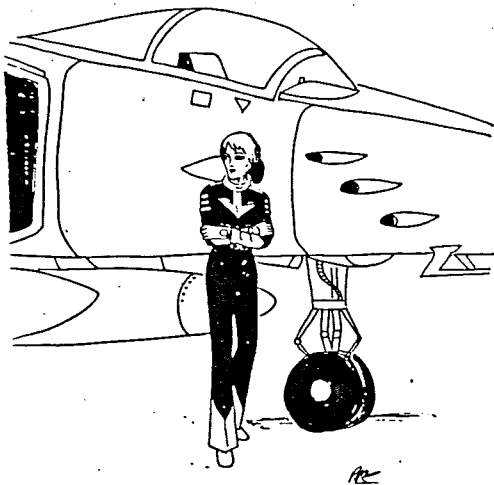
After a few years, she'd eventually come to grips with David's death. She'd also begun to become bored with stellar navigation, no matter that she was not one of the EDC's chief designers for such systems. So she'd put in for space duty, and had found out that despite - or perhaps because of - her qualifications, she'd have to wait for at least 5 years for a science post to open up on any EDC ship.

"Isn't there ANYTHING you can get me into?" she'd asked.

"We can always use pilots, and you've got a rating," the placement officer had said - more in jest than serious."

"I'LL TAKE IT!!!" she'd replied. So off she'd gone to Cosmo tiger school...

And all because you taught me how to pilot a ship, David, she thought. Getting up, she recorked the wine bottle and gave a final salute to the plaque.



She paused as she reached the end of the walkway. There were now quite a few people in uniform on the high path, standing in a perfect line, saluting the markers there. **The Yamato's crew must've got out of debriefing. Better take another way out and not disturb them,** she thought, even as the sight

stirred something in her soul. **Wouldn't do to chance pissing off my future shipmates before I've been introduced!**

She was almost knocked down at the entrance by a bunch of Cosmo Tiger pilots running toward the Yamato's row. Their shuttle must have gotten in later than they'd anticipated, she thought as she watched them hurry past. One of them halted long enough to speak to her.

"Sorry, but we're late!" he apologized.

"Understood. Your comrades are already up there," she said, motioning toward the hill.

"You saw, then. I'm Shiro Kato, the..."

"...Yamato's Cosmo Tiger squadron commander. I know," she said, grinning. "I'm Kathryn Kimaura. I'll be one of your flight commanders next trip out. As for why I'm here...my older brother was killed on Pluto. I was at his memorial."

"You're one of my new officers?" That stopped him. "Which ship you off of?"

"The Prince of Wales, under Captain Goldsmith," she said. "I'll be Phobos-bound tomorrow, with the assignment to try and get the new cadets in shape."

Shiro winced visibly. "They're doing it to us again," he sighed. "As soon as we get a new bunch trained up right, HQ takes them away..." He shook his head. "Why not join us?" he asked, gesturing toward the hill.

"No, not yet. I wouldn't feel comfortable," she replied. "See you on Phobos, sir!"

She had never seen such an undisciplined bunch of cadets in her life, Kimaura thought two days later after her first inspection of the cadets who would be going with the Yamato. ***"Challenging assignment", did I say?...More like "Committing suicide"!*** And these wet-behind-the-ears pilots would be killing themselves left and right if she didn't get some sense knocked into them, and fast! At least now that she was a field grade officer, she carried far more 'weight' than she had as a company-grade. Then she saw them fly...if you could call it flying.

"All right, you snot-nosed young hellions," she said icily after watching them try to fly in formation. "You may have learned - barely - to fly those crates in a stright line at pilot's school. But on ship, you're going to have to do formation flying, and keep together with your wingmate. One-on-one dogfights are fine in fiction, but in practice it is TEAM WORK that wins the battle. You are either going to learn how to fly and fight as a team, or so help me I'll kick you out of this group and back Earthside so fast...."

Within a week, she'd done exactly that to two of the cadets, and the others had realized she meant business - and it was extremely difficult to pull the wool over this flight commander's eyes.

There is a thrill in learning to fly formation, of keeping a flight welded together in one well-oiled machine that equals and perhaps surpasses that of solo work. A thrill her cadets began to feel once they'd finally gotten the basics down. A feeling that began to grow as their skill increased and they began to win some of the exercises their trainers set for them, and they could finally see the results of that hard work.

A little over three weeks later, with a week to go before the arrival of the Yamato, she could make a favorable report to her new superior officers.

"Well, they've improved more than I thought possible three weeks ago," she told Shiro Kato and Ken Denver, Shiro's second. "They still need a lot of work, though."

Denver was watching the tapes of their last exercise. "They'll get lots more practice, especially now that we're here and each of us can take smaller groups out," he said. "And once we're under way..."

"They look a hell of a lot better than the last

batch of cadets we took on board," Kato agreed. "The only problem is, they all still think they're the greatest pilots around."

"That'll get knocked out of them right quick," Denver said.

"Especially when they discover that moments of excitement on board ship are few and far between -- and the slack time will be taken up by all sorts of scutwork to keep them busy," Kimaura smiled.

The two men grinned at her. I'm happy we have an experienced hand around to get these kids into half-way decent shape. At least we can be fairly certain none of them will disgrace us by trying to do a loop around the Yamato when she arrives," Kato laughed. "You should have seen Kodai's reaction the LAST time someone tried a stunt like that! Had the guy and someone else -- Kitano, wasn't it? -- run a couple of laps around the interior of the the Yamato in their underwear."

Kimaura winced. "Embarrassing -- and undoubtedly effective," she said. "At least it sounds like the Captain has a sense of humor."

"At times. A change from Goldsmith, eh?" Denver asked.

She nodded. "A big change all together," she told him. "But I'm looking forward to it."

"Well, we're glad to have you, Kimaura," Kato grinned.

"Thank you. I appreciate that," she replied.

"Any rumors as to where we'll be going?"

"Sayanna," Kato told her.

"Sayanna? Isn't that Garuman territory?"

"It is. Desslar himself is supposed to meet us there," Kato was enjoying her surprised reaction.

"Well, it'll be a new experience," Kathryn said.

"The closest I've ever come to seeing or meeting any of the alien races we know of was with a Bolar space missile on the Prince..."

"Not what one would call a rewarding experience!" Denver remarked.

"Indeed. Well, squadron commander Kato, shall I call for the squadron to fall in for your inspection of the troops?"

"Go ahead. Might as well get it over with," her superior assented.

Soon enough they were on board the Yamato, and as predicted the excitement faded and boredom set in on the flight deck. Boredom which would evaporate soon enough once they discovered what surprises the Sayanna system had in store for both them and their Garuman allies...

(The previous story, Foretidings, is actually a prelude to the following....)

YAMATO: GROWTH OF THE ALLIANCE

-by Pat Munson-Siter

Chapter One

Susumu Kodai, captain of the Earth Defense Command (EDC) Battleship Yamato, woke up slowly, his head aching. Despite the fact he wore his uniform coat, he was cold. He opened his eyes, then closed them again in the hopes he was dreaming. But the hard metal floor beneath him convinced him he wasn't. Opening his eyes again, he pushed himself up and looked around. He and his compatriots were in a brig, somewhere. Both they and the Garuman team they had been meeting with on the moon of Sayanna were here! What had happened? He and several of his command crew had been discussing defenses with their ally, Desslar, when Kodai had received a garbled message from the Yamato that they were under attack. At the same time, Desslar had been getting a similar message from his flagship. Then Kodai had begun to feel dizzy. And woke up here, without even the memory of passing out.

Speaking of Desslar -- Kodai took a good look at

the blue-skinned Garuman delegation, who were also beginning to wake up. Not a blond hair among them. Where was Desslar?

The answer came soon enough. The two delegations had gained full wakefulness, trying to figure out what had happened, when there were heavy footsteps outside the door of the cell.

The door swung open. Two creatures -- four footed, with four massive arms, and six eyes set in a blockish head swaying in the top of a long snake-like neck -- stood outside. They both held energy rifles on the prisoners to discourage any attempts to break out. Another two came forward, covered by the guards. They carried a limp, blue-skinned figure between them. Silently, they tossed him like a rag doll into the cell. The door closed.

"Desslar!" Kodai found himself swearing furiously. The Garuman leader's left arm lay at an odd angle; Kodai almost wished Yuki were there to help -- as a former nurse, she had quite a bit of medical training. Thankfully, his fiancée was still on board the Yamato rather than in this hell hole. As the others moved forward to help, he cautioned: "Careful, that arm looks like it's been broken." They began to examine the man who at one time had been one of Earth's deadliest foes.

They splinted and immobilized the arm, then turned Desslar on his back. A large bruise was already spreading over the Gamilon's right temple. Blood dribbled out of the corner of his mouth. Blood from other wounds stained his uniform. The rakish cape Desslar usually wore was gone and the left shoulder of his garb torn where the cape pin had been torn off. Kodai sighed. Cold as he felt, Desslar needed the uniform coat more than he did. Sanada, Kodai's science officer, and Delan, Desslar's chief aide, helped him wrap the unconscious man in the blue and red coat.

"They really did a number on him." Shiro Kato, leader of the Yamato's Cosmo Tiger squadron, remarked as he dabbed at the blood leaking from Desslar's mouth with a hanky. "I wonder what they wanted from him?"

"I have the horrible feeling we're going to find out," replied Kodai, as heavy footsteps sounded outside the cell door again.

Four of the aliens again stood outside. One came inside, a toothy grin lighting his grotesque face as his eyes lit on the Yamato's captain.

Before he could do more than grab Kodai's arm, a klaxon went off somewhere in the enemy ship. The foremost alien lost his grin, began to look alarmed. A sharp command from one of the guards, and he let go of Kodai's arm and backed out of the room. The door clanged shut. The sound of footsteps running off was overlaid with the loud noise of a main energy gun discharge hitting the enemy craft. The deck rocked beneath their feet. Kodai and Delan pinned the unconscious Desslar's body to the floor. They were jarred again, hard. Other sirens started going off.

"Either our fleet has found us, or our captors have enemies of their own!" Delan grunted.

"And the enemy of my enemy is my friend?" Kodai replied.

"We can hope," Sanada said.

It was an agonizing interval, as sirens continued to howl and noises of fighting drifted down the corridors. Not knowing what was going on was far worse even than knowing you were losing -- they couldn't lift a finger either way.

The door slid open, finally, after the noise had died down for awhile. This figure was at least humanoid, although totally enclosed in space armor. He held a heavy-duty energy rifle in his arms, the end blackened from use. Unseen eyes behind the mirrored face shield swept over them. Then he turned his head and shouted down the corridor: "Tell the High Commander the D'lyyen had prisoners!"

Within minutes, four more humanoids entered the

cell. Two, obviously bodyguards, took up positions inside the door. A third stayed back, at attention. The fourth was a woman, wearing a visored faceshield that revealed golden skin and hard, silver eyes... She looked the prisoners over measuringly, the focused on Desslar. With a small exclamation she knelt next to the unconscious man, fingers examining his injuries skillfully.

Then she stood. "Get a full medical team down here immediately," she ordered the man behind her, then turned to the prisoners. "I am High Commander Katrin, leader of the Faroni fleet," she introduced herself.

"Captain Susumu Kodai, commander of the EDC battleship Yamato," Kodai replied. You know Leader Desslar?"

"Indeed," the woman replied. "Captain, I will have my men transfer you to my ship. You will be placed in quarantine wing for the moment, until I have a chance to speak more fully with you. Until that time, I must ask you not to try and leave the area you are assigned to. Agreed?"

"For the moment, High Commander," Kodai nodded.

"Very well. Rieffen," she turned to her aide. "They are to be treated as honored guests. Leader Desslar is to be taken to the medical facility on the quarantine wing and taken care of by our best medical personnel." She stood aside as a medical team arrived with a stretcher.

"As you will it, Commander," the aide saluted. Karin nodded, took one more look at the prisoners, then left, her green cloak swirling behind her.

The quarters they were given were fairly spartan, but luxurious compared to their earlier cell. One end of the corridor they were installed in opened up into a medical annex; the other ended in heavily armored, locked doors. The doors out of the medical area would open up for the gold-skinned medical personnel who worked over Desslar, but not for the Terrans nor the Garumen.

When the medical were done, Desslar was seemingly taped up from head to toe. The D'lyyen had indeed 'done a number' on him. In addition to the arm there were several broken ribs, a cracked shoulder blade, and that bruise on his temple also marked a concussion. Several open wounds had been cleaned and then sealed with artificial skin. It would be awhile before Desslar was up and around, even with the fastheal equipment, the medical personnel informed them. Kodai knew that if their new allies had not intervened when they had, he could well be in the same - or worse - condition by now.

Rieffen, Katrin's aide, came in awhile later. "The High Commander is still busy observing the stripping of the enemy data banks," he told them. "Food will served in the wardroom next to the medical annex. I suggest you then get some sleep. Commander Katrin will probably be busy all night."

"Thank you for the information. We appreciate it," Kodai told him. Desslar was sleeping comfortably, now, and they could be fairly sure their new jailers meant them no harm - for the moment, anyway. Kodai reserved final judgement until he learned more about what was going on.

The next morning, they ate breakfast. Once they were finished, the High Commander entered, followed by several of her officers.

Katrin looked somewhat tired and had changed out of her armor. She now wore a brief outfit in black and silver. White rank cords circled her left shoulder. Long silver hair was caught up in a braided pony tail and then flowed down her back. The other officers, out of their armor also, were revealed to also have golden skin - but Katrin was the only one with silver eyes and hair.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, but it took longer than I anticipated to finish mopping up, clearing out their data banks and decoding the

information," she told them. "Now, we need to know what happened to you, and what you know of the D'lyyen."

It did not take long. Neither the Terrans nor the Garuman had much knowledge of their new enemy. Desslar was the only one the D'lyyen had had the opportunity to question. Until he woke up, they had no real idea why they had been taken.

"We know where you were taken at, but these D'lyyen left the Sayanna system before the battle was fully met. I doubt either of your ships are there now. At present we are following the D'lyyen advance fleet...most likely, your ships will be near that area," Katrin said thoughtfully. "The medics tell me Desslar will be waking soon. Captain Kodai, Lieutenant Delan, if you'll wait with me until he awakens. Wiln, the rest of them may go on an escorted tour of the ship," she said to one of her aides, a tall, lanky blond. "See to it."

"At once."

Katrin motioned to Kodai and Delan to follow her. She went into the sickbay, where some equipment was being cleared away by the interns. They saluted as she entered. "He may be woken now, my lady," said one.

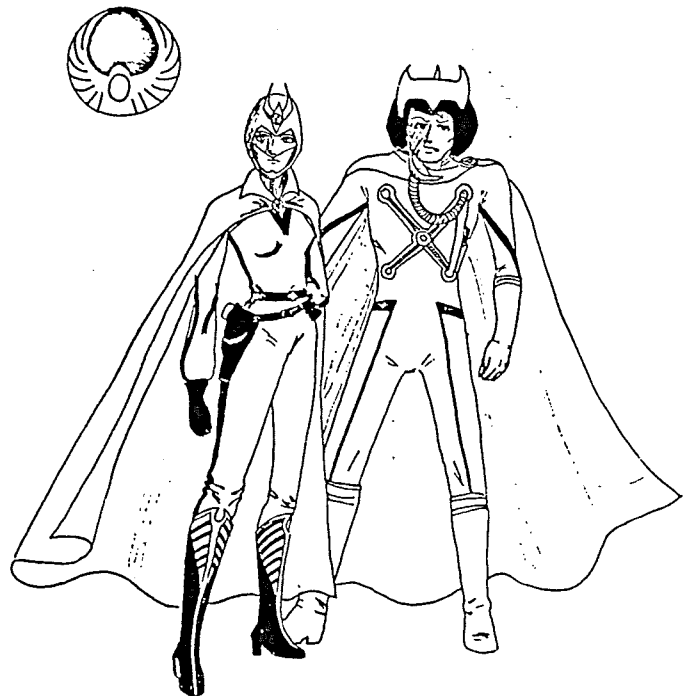
"Excellent. I will talk with him for awhile, then you can let him eat. Make sure the fastheal equipment is ready afterwards. We will probably need him on his feet soon, with the D'lyyen acting so quickly."

Desslar was still asleep, but it was natural sleep rather than unconsciousness. Katrin leaned over and touched Desslar's cheek with a gentle finger. "Desslar," she said, a combination of tenderness and sadness in her voice. "Wake up, Desslar. The D'lyyen no longer have you."

Desslar muttered, then his eyes opened. He looked up at the silver-haired woman, and his mouth fell open. He seemed to strangle for a moment.

"Princess Katrin!" he gasped. "But...but... you're supposed to be dead!"

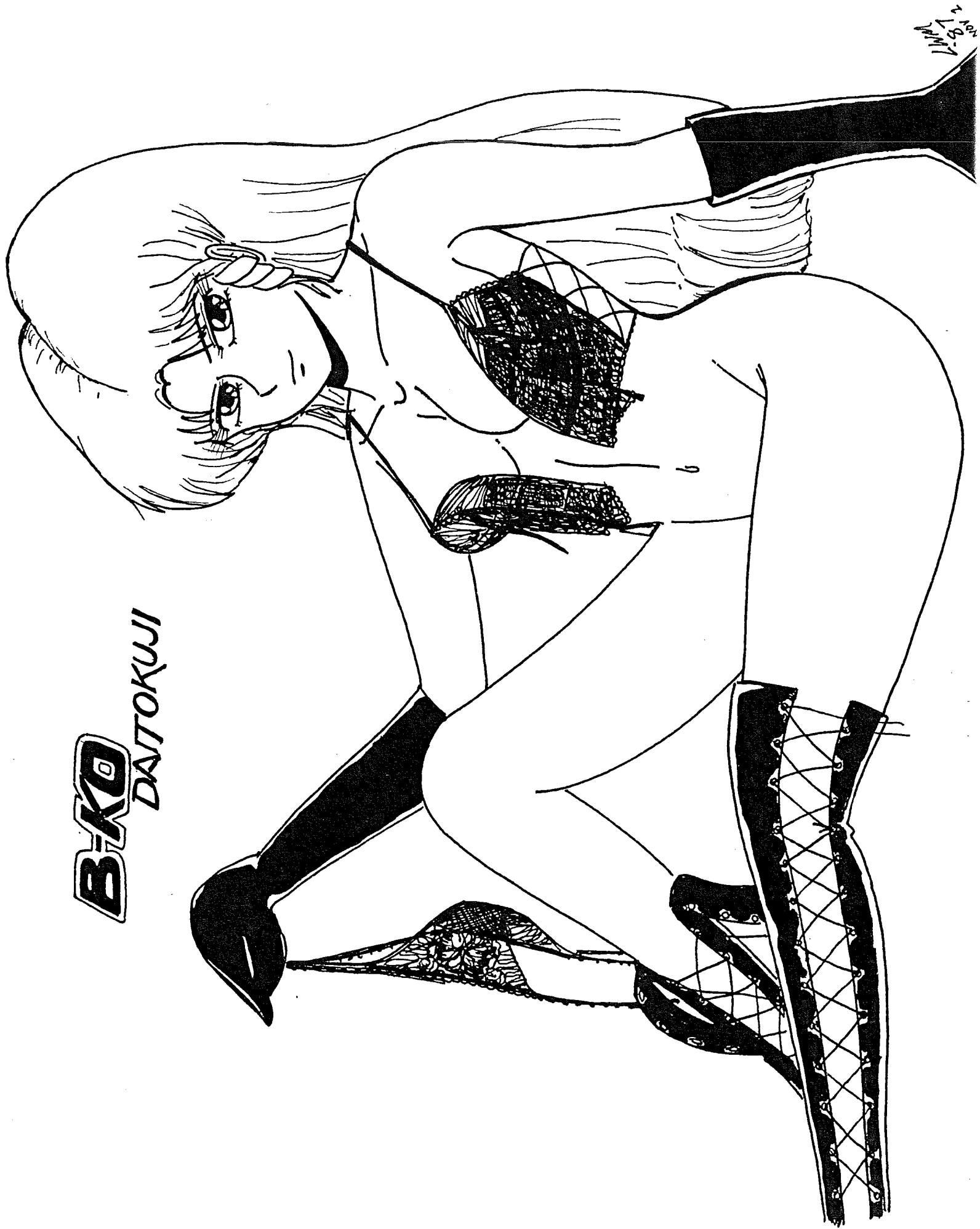
TO BE CONTINUED



High Commander
Katrin

Leader Desslar

1/10/12
V. G. 12



B-KO
ДАТОНУИ

AN INTERESTING NEWS REPORT

-by Tasha Seren

In the year 1979 the U.S.A. was under severe attack from the mysterious fandom of Yamato.

Yamato literature and models covered the shelves of science fiction bookstores, and as a result in one year's time the U.S.A. will be completely overrun by E.D.C. members!

But, in the country of Japan there is a movie called "Final Yamato" that can remove these dangerous enemies of fandom. Nishisaki offers it to the people of the U.S.A.

A team of mentally ill patients on parole from Terrell State Hospital in Texas were forced at gun-point to undertake the perillous mission, because they were the only ones crazy enough to try and get past the E.D.C. attack squad and their shock cannons.

Can they travel one hundred and some odd miles to Japan before one billion some odd people have to chant "Yamato Yo Towa Ni" for the rest of their miserable lives????!!

NOT IF THE E.D.C. CAN HELP IT!!!!!!!!!!!! heh, heh, heh.

REVIEW

ROBOTECH: THE MOVIE

-by Jeff Blend

This review is written especially for those who have already read my synopsis on the film. There is much to say about Robotech: The Movie (the complete title is Robotech: The Movie - The Untold Story) and, unfortunately, much of it is bad. It's a real shame because I REALLY wanted to like the film. I had waited quite some time for more Robotech; the picture was based somewhat on the Japanese feature Megazone 23 Part 1 -- one of my favorite movies; and the fact that if the movie did well at the box office it might spark interest in other companies to bring over Japanese animation to the States. But those hopes didn't materialize. Why?

To start with, just look at the synopsis mentioned earlier. You probably had to read it over more than once to even get an inkling of what was going on. It's a very complicated and confusing plot, to say the least. In other words, it is a film you have to see more than once to fully understand. Harmony Gold wouldn't mind, I'm sure. Now there's nothing necessarily bad about a complicated plot that requires more than one viewing. After all, Close Encounters of the Third Kind is a movie that needs more than one viewing, and it's (in my opinion) one of the greatest films ever made. But the way it is handled here in this picture, plus the other problems to be discussed later, shows that this film is certainly no Close Encounters.

The absolute biggest problem with this film, in the opinion of most who viewed it, was the constant and irritating use of old stock footage -- specifically old Southern Cross footage. An entire 1/4 of this film is this antique footage. While 1/4 doesn't sound too bad at first, remember that: (1) the entire movie is only about 75 minutes long, so 1/4 of that (about 16 minutes) is quite a lot of time and footage; (2) much of that footage is concentrated during the beginning and ending scenes of the picture and that results in as much as five minutes of Southern Cross at a shot; and (3) the ads for the film stated it to be "an all-new adventure", but looking at all of this repeat footage and such, this line is a misleading one at best.

It's bad enough to have all of this repeat footage, but it's made worse by the way it is used. No matter how it's disguised, the art styles of



ROBOTECH II: SENTINELS

Megazone 23 and Southern Cross are totally different from each other. They stand out from each other like sore thumbs. This also shows up thru the film's print quality. The footage from Cross is fuzzy, while the Megazone footage is sharp and clear. All of the Cross spaceships are blurry -- not to mention the stars, which can barely be seen. In contrast, the Megazone ships, which are spliced into all of this, are much more lucid. These two shows are Ying and Yang, and I still can't understand how Harmony Gold could convince it was anything else.

As for the actual plot and story, the use of the E.V.E. computer and the cover-up by the government contradicts events in the Robotech series. You may also have noticed from the synopsis that there is no mention of such well-known Robotech staples as "protoculture", "Zentraedi", "SDF-1" or other such phrases from the series. Also, with the exception of Leonard and Emerson, no other major characters from the series appear in this film. The official reason given is that the movie was slated for international release, and that some of the countries scheduled for the picture have not aired the series on their respective television stations. So the mention of such strange concepts as "protoculture" -- which would take quite awhile to understand -- would take way too much movie time to explain. I can accept this point, but seeing this total change of plot from the series was somewhat unsettling.

Various contradictions and discrepancies in logic also pop up throughout throughout the film. During one of the major battles, AJACs mecha us used against the enemy. Now this movie is supposed to occur before events in Southern Cross. So how can this film really be a Cross prequel when they're using AJACs planes, which in the TV series were untested until halfway through the war? Another use of logic lacking involves the reappearance of B.D. Andrews to Earth after his capture by the Robotech Masters. For reasons never explained, it seems the Earth authori-

ties accept Andrews' return without questioning his incarceration. Even after all of that, they still go ahead and give the fellow control of the E.V.E. computer. Either Earth has some rather gullible people in charge, or there are some violations in rationality here. As a final note, if the movie's premise is accepted, it would seem that the entire saga of Robotech might turn out to be the saga of The Big Mistake. "Rick Hunter and the SDF-3 fly to the home world of the Robotech Masters to learn the secrets of Robotechnology. But the secrets are on Earth in the supercomputer E.V.E., which is why the Robotech Masters come here in the first place -- to 'recover their lost Robotechnology'. So it looks like Rick travels umpteen light-years to find out Robotechnology has been on Earth all the time." Why didn't someone in the government just tell Rick about the E.V.E. and its secrets? Perhaps the new Sentinels series would answer that question -- if it ever comes out.*

One of the strong pluses for the Robotech TV series was the development of the characters. Whether good or bad, you got to know the character rather well and, in the process, became interested in what happened eventually to that character. This is where Robotech: The Movie commits a cardinal sin: none of the characters are really interesting and no one really cares about what happens to them. Someone who might have seen the original Megazone 23 would notice a lot of scenes involving the characters doing nothing but having fun and enjoying themselves. You got to know Shogo (Mark), Yui (Becky), Mai (Stacy), and Tomomi (Kelly) as people. But all of those scenes were edited from this film. Again, the official reason is that all of these "cute scenes" just slowed the movie down and added nothing to the story. Some of these scenes I can understand them cutting (the "runaway Coca-Cola machine" scene comes to mind, because Harmony Gold and Cannon Films would have to pay royalties to Coke for the use of the name), but I can't accept them cutting out ALL of those scenes. Characters are what make Robotech. All that is left is a lot of fancy mecha shooting each other up for no purpose...faceless, cold machines. The picture's short running time also put a limit on just how much effort could be put into the characters.

What little characterization that is there is dampened by shallow development and a weak screenplay filled with simplistic dialogue. A big example such short-sightedness is the use of the character Kelly. Although well-performed voice-wise by Penny Sweet (see later), the character is portrayed dreadfully. With all of those cute scenes mentioned earlier removed, she comes across as a less-than-desirable personality. She's sarcastic, irritating, and a

pain...in short she is, as Nancy Reagan said, "someone that rhymes with 'witch'." So, in the big scene wherein Kelly is murdered, the audience reaction is "ho-hum", "Oh, wow", and even "Hooray". What a startling contrast from Megazone, wherein Tomomi's death is such a shocking tragedy. She was a real person in Megazone, not in this film.

As bad as all of this sounds, hang on, it gets worse. Add to the list a really poor job of editing, dubbing, and directing by Harmony Gold. The film keeps jumping back from scene to scene, big climatic parts aren't climatic, and the music is dubbed terribly. Big scenes that come to mind concerning this bad directing are numerous. One occurs near the beginning of the film in the opening skirmish. There's a shot wherein you hear a male voice speaking and giving out orders...and the voice is coming from the masked, but obvious, mouth of Dana Sterling! You can plainly see the long feminine eyelashes through the faceplate. Another example involved the effective removal of all surprise and excitement from the scene wherein Mark transforms the MODAT during the big highway chase sequence. It's a big stunner in Megazone, because it's the first time we find out that the bike can alter itself. But it is no stunner in this movie, because we've already see the bike change via Kelly's film projector screen. So when Mark finally metamorphosizes the bike in the chase, there's no surprise or shock at all. Quick changes in scenes created such things as Mark riding his Suzuki one minute and then immediately in the next scene riding the MODAT. And back to the splicing of Megazone/Cross ships. All this did was create a mish-mash hodgepodge of mecha with no relationship or correlation to each other. You have advanced, futuristic Megazone ships flying around with old, space-shuttle Cross technology. Finally, although Harmony Gold could not have done much about it, there are the mildly amusing scenes wherein you have all these American-named characters walking around wearing "Mai" T-shirts, sitting in "Tomomi" director chairs, and living with "Yui" wall signs. In short, even people who had never seen Megazone and Cross could tell that an editing job had been done -- it was that obvious.

Oh, and don't forget the background music. Yes, it's the same old background series music again. The same old boring stuff. It seems as if Harmony Gold uses the same soundtrack for every piece of work they do! Even worse, this old soundtrack is dubbed into the film less than effectively. The music just doesn't go along with certain scenes or the spirit of the film. There were crescendos when nothing was really happening, and there were diminuendos when important scenes were occurring. They even threw in background music stuff from Captain Harlock/Queen 1000 Years. Music is supposed to help a film along, establish a mood, and create continuity. It does none of the above here.

However, this criticism of the background music does not extend to the singing/vocal selections in the film. The vocals, provided by Three Dog Night, JoAnn Harris, Michael Bradley, and Gigi, are one of the best things about the film (yes, I have something good to say! I know you were getting tired of gripe, gripe, gripe.). All six songs in the film are very well done and enjoyable. JoAnn Harris, who provided the Eve singing voice, is especially good. Michael Bradley is the same person who performed the vocals for Lancer in the Robotech series, by the way. The only complaint about the vocals is that you don't hear them enough. Only small, quick snatches of the songs are heard in the film. Only two of them are heard to any great amount. But that is the fault of the editing again. If this movie did anything at all, it proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that "yes, somebody can REALLY sing in a Robotech show!"

More compliments go to the voice acting. It's



getting better. A decent job by all, especially by Brittany Harlow (Becky), Penny Sweet (Kelly), and Greg Snow (Andrews). Brittany is effective as Becky, and is thought of by many as one of the premier American voice actresses. Despite the previously mentioned bad characterization, Penny does a nice job as Kelly, snapping off one-liners, cracks, and other sarcastic comments. Greg Snow, as usual, gives an impressive performance as Andrews. Using lots of gusto and enthusiasm, he's the best of all voices associated with Robotech. Who can forget the great effort he put into Khyron, and how he literally took over the Robotech: Macross segment? The voices are all in perfect lip-synch and (thank goodness!) there is much less of all that "gasp!" "ooh!", and "aah!" that happened in the series every time a character's mouth was opened. The only problem with the voices is that Robotech fans will recognize them. It's the same actors from the series, as you might have already noted.

A final complement for the approximately ten minutes of new animation drawn up especially for the film. It was nice to see, particularly after sitting through all that repeat Southern Cross footage. Although the bad dubbing is somewhat evident through all of this footage as well -- lots of panning, slow-motion, and still-frame stuff -- it was still nice to look at and matched the original Megazone animation rather well. It might have helped to tie the Megazone/Cross lines together if they had put in some Cross mecha into these new scenes, but it stayed exclusively Megazone mecha. Many fans thought that the new ending would have been substituted into the original ending for Megazone! Granted, it wouldn't have solved the entire Megazone film, but it sure would have been better than then ending it got, and perhaps it might have prevented the sequel, which was a downer. Anyway, kudos to Harmony Gold for a little something new.

Well, who is to receive the blame for the film's

poor results? Harmony Gold? Cannon Films? I think both groups have to share the guilt. All rumors indicated that Cannon Films was less than gung ho about this movie. The advertising that they did for it in Dallas was certainly less than enthusiastic. They also supposedly rejected many of Harmony Gold's ideas and story options that might have resulted in a better film. But Harmony Gold came out with the finished product, so must take fault as well. They did the lousy dubbing, directing, and splicing. Whatever the reasons, these problems must be worked out and corrected if Harmony Gold, Cannon, or other companies wish to put out successful, adult-oriented animation.

In a final result, I shall play Roger Ebert and vote on the film. On a scale of 4 stars (1 is poor, 4 is excellent), I give Robotech: The Movie 2 stars. This is for the nice songs, the new animation, the decent acting, and the fact that I'm in a good mood. But the poor results of the rest of the movie covers all the nice stuff up. A person who may have seen very little or no Robotech probably wouldn't notice the discrepancies, the repeat footage, and all that other detail. So he or she in all probability would like the film better. But a Robotech fan is almost sure to be disappointed.

So all I can say is rent the film once or twice when and if it comes out on video; find the vocal soundtrack; cross your fingers; and hope that we see better results from such animated pictures in the future.

--Jeff Blend

(*) Quote by Bob Miller

Thanks to the following people for supplying me information and opinions: GUY BROWNEE; MARK CORY; LOGAN DARKLIGHTER; SERGIO GARCIA; LEA HERNANDEZ; MARK HERNANDEZ; BRENT KEARLEY; ALAN LASKA; LEE MADISON; TERRY MARRABLE; CHRIS MARAVILLA; PHILIP MATTHEWS; MARIO MERINO, JR.; BOB MILLER; DARRIN TOWERS; DEREK WAKEFIELD; KELLI WAKEFIELD; LORY WHITE; and PAT WHITE

SYNOPSIS

AREA 88 - Act II "The Terms of the Wolves"

Translation/synopsis ©1987 Toren Smith
& Miyako Matsuda-Graham from Baycon '86
Japanese Animation Room Translation Book

Fed up with waiting, SHIN tries to steal a plane and escape from AREA 88. But the management has foreseen such actions, and hired three toughs to prevent these attempts. They intend to beat up -- perhaps even kill -- Shin, but his friend MICKEY saves him.

The base commander, SAKI VASHTAL, denies having instructed them, and even expresses sympathy for Shin -- "At least you have a reason for fighting...my father is the leader of the rebel faction fighting against our government. Am I fighting to kill my own father...?"

Mickey tells Shin that maybe he shouldn't be so eager to get home -- when he was fighting in Viet Nam, he couldn't wait to get back to New York...but when he finally did return, something was wrong. Viet Nam had changed him...."I have to fight now. And in Area 88, you have to become like me -- a killer."

RYOKO's father wants her to get married, because he is getting old. "Please don't wait for Shin -- it's obvious that he has deserted you."

Meanwhile, KANZAKI continues his plan to take control of YAMATO AIR LINES...by buying up stock, and attempting to persuade Ryoko to marry him.

Ryoko slaps down Kanzaki's proposal -- "I hate you!" -- and flees the room. While trying to calm herself down, she spots a picture of Shin in Life

magazine. She phones World Press International, trying to contact the photographer -- "Rocky" -- but finds out that he was recently killed on location in the Mideast.

Ryoko's friend, the secretary, has a relative who's an expert on the Mideast wars, and it turns out that he has heard a story about some Japanese pilot being forced to join the Foreign Legion.

Ryoko wants to check up on the story and plans to stop over in Tel Aviv on her way home from Paris. But Kanzaki has squealed to her father, and she is temporarily intercepted.

Kanzaki has had enough of the apparently indestructible Shin, and arranges to have him killed. On his return to the hotel, he remembers how he and Shin shared the same background. But somehow Shin was always a step ahead of him in everything -- and Kanzaki's resentment has only grown over the years.

A new pilot shows up at area 88 to replace Bakshi (who crashed with Rocky on board) -- the legendary "CHARLIE THE PHOENIX".

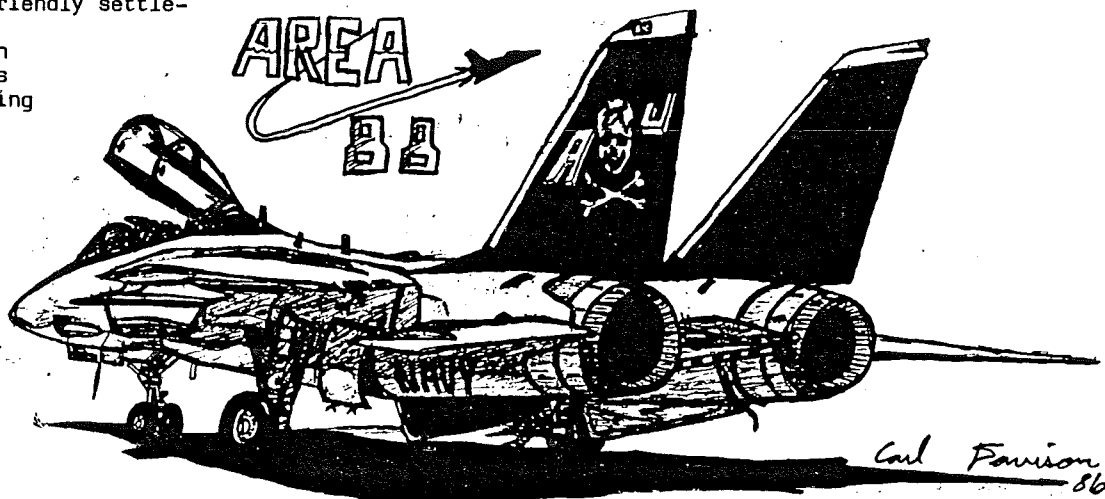
Ryoko and Saki share the same plane -- it has a stopover in Tel Aviv on its way to Tokyo. But two bombs have been planted on the wings, and they are set to explode in three hours, or if the plane descends 3,000 feet. Kanzaki suspects that Saki had something to do with it, but Vashtal gets Shin and Mickey to remove the bombs, and says to Kanzaki, "If you wish to thank your saviors, they are Mickey Simon and Shin Kazama..."

Area 88 faces a new threat in the form of mercenaries -- "WOLF PACK"

During the battle, Charlie tells Shin that he's been hired to kill him -- "No hard feelings, eh? It's just business..."

Shin crashes, but survives, and fueled by his desire to make it back to Japan and Ryoko, he staggers into the desert, hoping to find a friendly settlement.

But fate has dealt Shin a cruel hand...and he hears the voice of Saki reiterating the terms of the contract --"There are three ways to leave Area 88 alive -- One: you can somehow survive the three years. Two: you can build up a credit of \$1.5 million by destroying enemy tanks and planes, etc. Three: you can somehow escape..."



STORY

LIONS & DREAMS

Chapter 3

-by Todadler

After Lotor retreat, we celebrate our victory in castle. I celebrate my first victory as part of Voltron--my first battle as Voltron. We enjoy sumptuous feast. I taste foods I taste before on Earth not, foods from many worlds. Others toast me and my courage. I tell them of how I enjoy being part of Voltron, how I enjoy being on Arus, how I enjoy their company. I then tell them of how I sense power of Voltron, how it like any power I sense from anything before not!

Allura ask me to appear before citizens of Arus. She tell them of how she find me, how I show my skill with Lion. People at first uneasy because of my unlovely appearance, but when Allura tell them of how I help Voltron and Lance, they cheer. She say: "What she lacks in beauty she more than makes up for in skill--and personality."

We have plenty fun next few days. We hike in woods, we picnic in meadows, we swim in lakes. We see sunny days, rainy days, windy days. I meet other people of Arus, make many friends. Many fear me at first, but soon they get used to my unlovely appearance. I designed for aesthetics not.

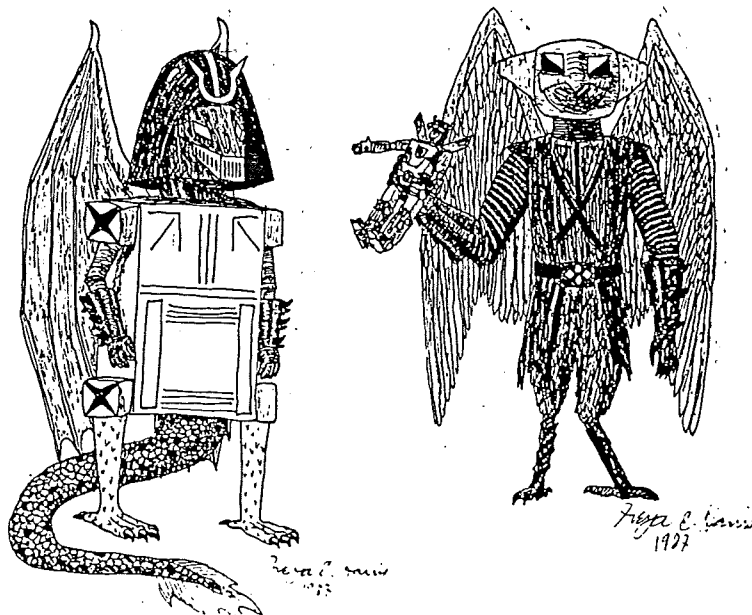
We visit Lance couple times. He mending nicely, doctors say. I heal him little bit each time. He still in coma, but I know he come out of it eventually. I make that so.

We practice in Lions daily. Others truly amazed at my skill. Keith admit, thought I have little time in Lion, I as good as he, perhaps better. I tell him I have big fun flying Red Lion.

Every time I in Red Lion, and especially when we form Voltron in practice, I sense strange power surging through me. I can identify it not. Nature of this energy mystify me. I tell others about it. They have idea not--but they have my senses not. I have senses besides sight, taste, smell, hearing and touch, so I perceive my surroundings differently. To my friends I perhaps seem crazy, though they understand I quite different, since I human not.

I ponder often on the nature of Voltron. Why sense I such strange power in him? It like power I sense in other machines not. Voltron special robot, yes, but this power somehow very different from normal machine power! I meditate beneath Black Lion, try to latch on to that power, but no good. I sense

(Freya Harris' idea of what Todadler might look like. In favorite 'Stalker' mode [right] and Queen-of-Nightmares battle form [left]. Pretty, isn't she? Any other artists care to try?)



it only as part of Voltron. But I wait until he needed, rather than ask others to form him just so I can probe his power.

And we need him soon enough. This time face we robeast like big polar bear with horns. It breathe icy blasts at us. I mind it not, for I gain strength when I surrounded by cold. I know how not--I just do. We blast at it with fire from our Lions, but it mind heat not. Cold around it protect it from our heat. Its cold aura seem to stop missiles, too. So we do our big number. I keep attention on battle--no time for probing now, else Voltron's right arm use-

less. I wait until we through.

Bear-robeast take off into sky. We pursue it high over Arus, to arctic regions. There it turn on us, give us super-blast of intense arctic cold. Suddenly Voltron begin to freeze. Others start to get cold. I sit back and wait. When Voltron frozen solid, robeast leave us. I get idea, tell Keith: "Wait we for while. We let Zarkon think he win, then we give him unpleasant surprise."

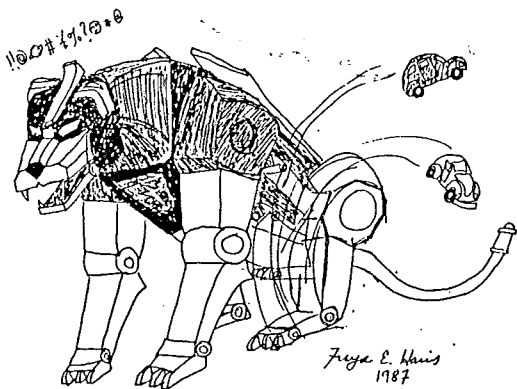
Hunk: "Whaddaya mean wait? I'm freezing my buns off!"

I say: "They know not, I gain strength from cold. You all cool it for while. I have idea to defrost Voltron. We wait for while, until Zarkon let down his guard. Then we sock it to him."

We bide our time. Others get chilly, but I enjoy cold. I assure others we get out of this soon enough. I probe again with my mental powers, try to learn Voltron's secret as I prepare to warm his big heart, ha ha. I probe deep, I open my mind wide. But I see what I seek not. It elude me like fleeing cat.

Finally sense I time right. We turn Lion torches on lowest power. Ice surrounding Voltron slowly melt. Everything get warmer. Soon all ice gone. We sneak down to temperate regions of Arus, make sure people all right. We see robeast raising hell around small city. Down go we, to attack!

With big kick Voltron knock over nasty critter. It try to wrestle with us, but Voltron stronger. We throw it all around. It try to frost us again, but its blizzard breath spent. Voltron form his Blazing Sword. I guide sword with my instincts as he swing it through foe. His tremendous stroke cut robeast in two from head to groin. Robeast fall in pieces, pieces just dissolve like ice in hot water. Keith say: "Great swing, Todadler! That's the best I've ever seen Voltron do!" Around us on ground, people cheer.



Now sneak up we on Zarkon. I concentrate, make Voltron invisible to enemy scanners. Suddenly make known we our presence to Zarkon. I do Bronx cheer at him. Then Voltron attack with astroblasters and eyebeams. We make short work of command ship, but Zarkon slip away before we can nab him. But that matter not. We safe, Arus safe. Voltron hot today!

Back at castle, Keith tell me how I do so well in Lion as part of Voltron. He give me key to Black Lion, tell me: "After all I've seen you do, Todadler,

I know that you are undeniably the best pilot in the Voltron Force. From now on, I want you to pilot the Black Lion. When you are in the Black Lion, you will be in command of Voltron, and closest to his heart so you can better use your powers to help him."

I take Black Lion key, give him key to Red Lion. I look at key. It same size and shape as others, but it have certain--weight to it. This, I think, key to very heart of Voltron. This put me at his head--closest of all to his power source. I think, perhaps when in Black Lion I will see secret of Voltron's mystery power.

On Arus, and on other free worlds, I now celebrity. People of galaxy love me and my ugly face. I go forth into public occasionally, give out autographs, look over Voltron kitsch in shops. I buy some to take home with me when I return to my own dimension.

But leaders on Planet Doom give us plenty hard time. Others tell me times of peace too short. Indeed. One afternoon, we play inside games because it rain all day. Pidge teach me Arusian version of three-dimensional chess. He beat me in first game, but I catch on quickly, in next game give him plenty trouble. While we play, Coran call us to Castle Control. Nasties attack again. Large fleet of Doom fighters approach Arus. Off go we to Lions, soar into cloudy, damp sky.

Zarkon's ships no match for Lions. They dodge and zap, we blast them, ram them, claw them into nothing. I wonder, why send they these pee-wee ships after us, they know we make Purina Lion Chow out of them! They have good reason, keep us busy. We stay alert for whatever they have up their sleeves.

We see it soon enough. We see huge cylindrical ship, sort of cosmic C5. BIG ship--bigger than skyscraper. I sense it something to avoid. Fighter ships retreat to giant command ship. I say watch out, but Keith suggest we see what big ship up to. I advise great caution--I sense bad stuff. Keith say: "Aw, there's bad stuff in anything that comes from Planet Doom!" So we go in for closer look.

As we draw near super ship, suddenly energy beams grab Lions. Controls jammed, we drawn helplessly into big ship. Inside see we old pal Lotor. He force us out of Lions. I assume battle form, but Haggar appear with strange device. It turn out device freeze like breath of "arctic" robeast we fight before. Suddenly I frozen in block of ice. Very cold ice. Haggar know not, I gain strength from cold. Telepathically tell I others in Voltron Force I all right, to reveal my secret to Doomians not. I assure them, when time right, I bust loose, to hang tough until then.

I stay quiet in my ice. Doom soldiers wheel me away, into cold storage. I hear Haggar cackle with glee, think she get better of me as last. She think Voltron finished now. I keep tabs with others. Keys to Lions taken from them. I trace where keys taken. I still have Black Lion key. I send my mind around ship, trace its layout. It full of troops and fighter ships, and supplies. I find King Zarkon, too. So that junkhead here too, think I. When I get loose, I will give him big surprise.

....TO BE CONTINUED



LOUDER THAN R.E.M.!
ABLE TO LEAP MORE BUILDINGS THAN GUADACANAL DIARY!

BUT NOT QUITE AS PRETTY AS SIOUXSIE SUE...

... IT'S "SUPER IMPRESSIVE
HYPER-BAD
SPACE COSMO FIGHTER

ALSO NOTE INEXPLICABLE
JAPANESE PREFIXES →

NOTE CLEVER USE OF
"NEW WAVE" AND "LOCAL"
BANDS TO INJECT
CREDIBILITY INTO AN
OTHERWISE LAME STRIP.

JET JAGUAR!

NO, NOT THE ONE IN "GODZILLA VS. MEGALON" EVEN THO' I STOLE THE NAME

JET JAGUAR, TEENAGED

KILL-CRAZED COMMANDO OF
ANIME (AND ONE HECK OF
A SWELL GUY, BESIDES)
HAS BEEN COMMANDED
BY THE E.D.C. TO STOP
THE UNHOLY MACHINATIONS
OF... THE FEARSOME...

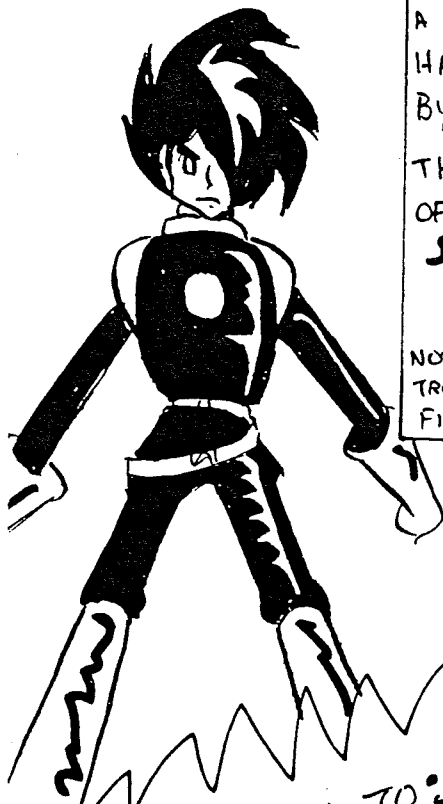
**SANDY
FRANK!**

NOTE: ALL CHARACTERS IN THESE
TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES ARE
FICTIONAL. SUE ME IF YOU CAN.

EPISODE 3:

"HEAT UNDER
FIRE!"

LET'S SEE- I'LL
NEED THE GIANT
ROBOTS, THE FIGHTER
PLANES, I'LL HAVE
TO CALL IN THE
OZONE COMMANDOS,
RENT THE ARCADIA,
AND GET AMMUNITION
FOR ALL MY WEAPONS:
...



SPECIAL THANKS TO:
MERI, TOMMY, TERRY,
PEREK, GUY, LOGAN,
AND OF COURSE J.P.
READER (I'VE GOT MARINE BOY EPS FOR
YOU!)
AS WELL AS STEVE HARRISON
FOR THE KIND WORDS.



WHAT'CHA DOIN', JET?
INVADING A HOSTILE
ENEMY ALIEN BASE?
TAKING ON AN ARMY?
PANTY RAID?



NAAH- JUST TRYING
TO GET SOME
COPIES OF OLD
CYBORG 009
EPISODES...

BUT NOT
REALLY. ACTUALLY,
I'VE GOT A
GENRE
TO SAVE!

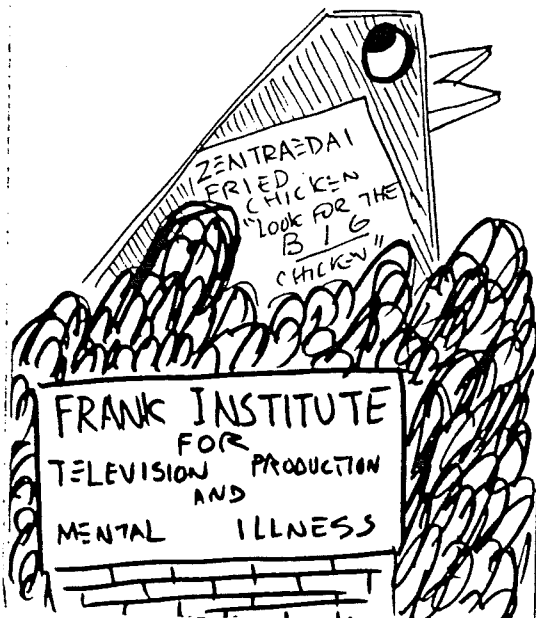
SO, I'VE GOT TO DESTROY
HIS ENTIRE OPERATION -
I'VE GOT EVERYTHING I
NEED... EXCEPT FOR
ONE THING...



HEY, SUE?
LISTEN, UHH,
YOU BUSY
TONIGHT?



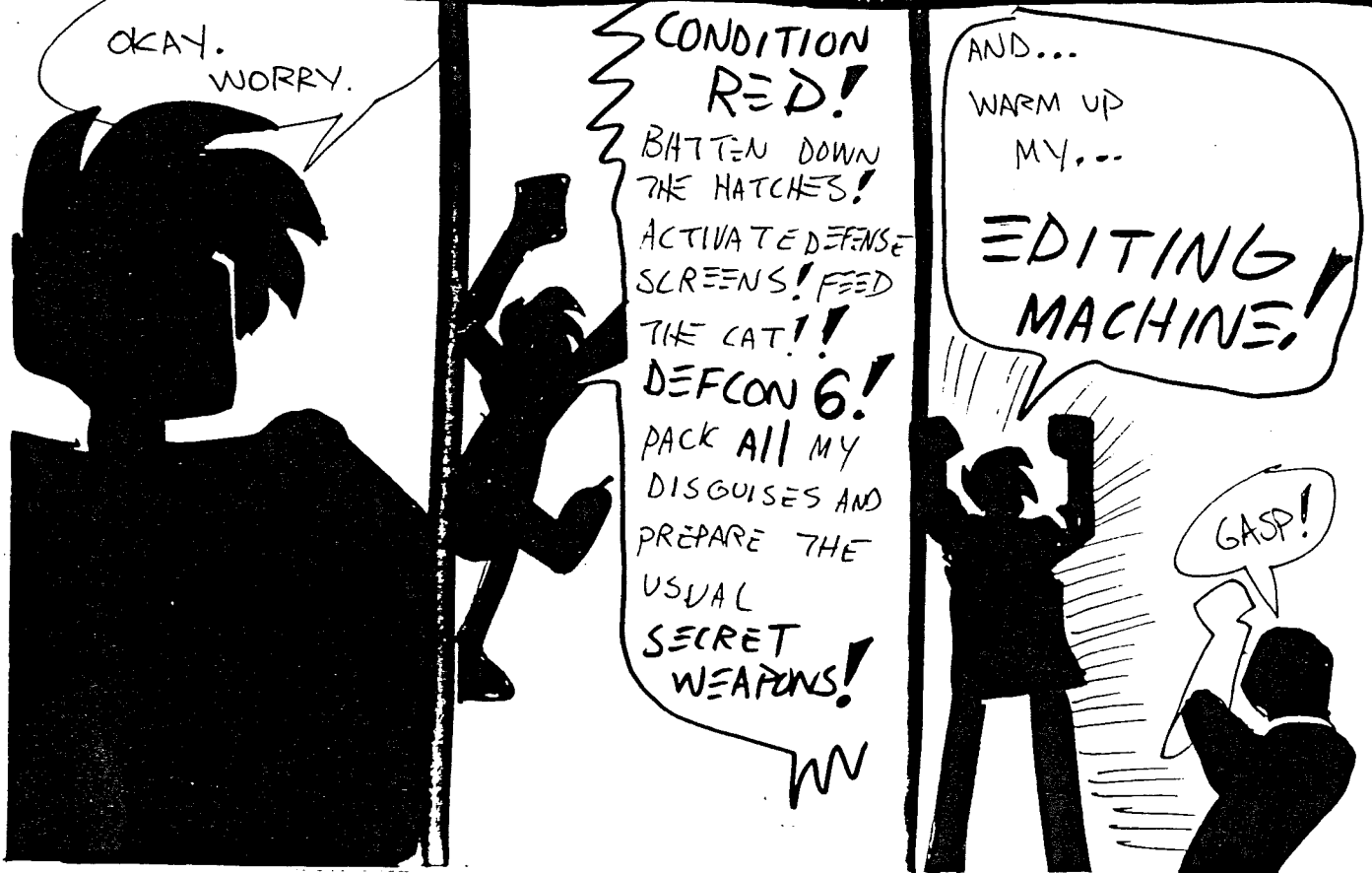
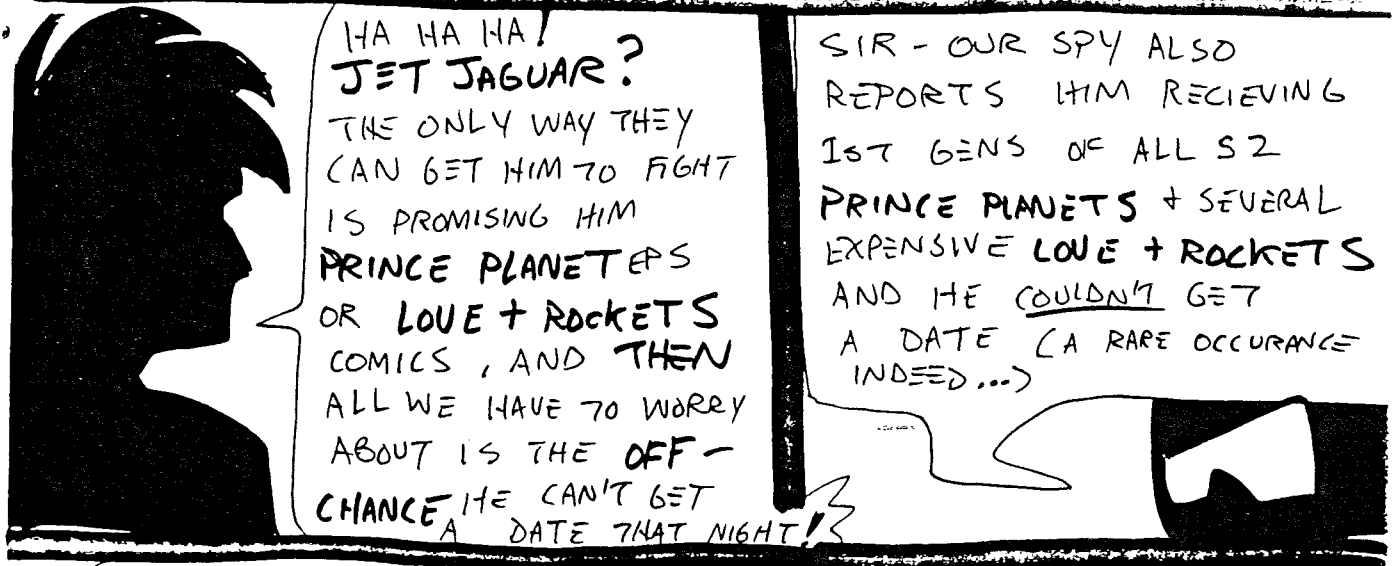
MEANWHILE:
IN THE "BIG CHICKEN"
MONUMENT SOMEWHERE
NORTH OF ATLANTA...



AWARD
FOR
MINDLESS
NONVIOLENT
CHILDREN'S
TV

HAH!
I'VE DONE IT
TO GATCHAMAN
AGAIN!

G-FORCE-WHAT
A TURKEY!
WHAT'S NEXT?
GUNDAM? DANCUGAR?
NAAH. I'LL TAKE
THAT SHOW BISMARCK
AND CALL IT SOMETHING
LIKE... SABER
RIDER!
NYAK NYAK NYAK!



EDITOR'S NOTE:

WE WOULD LIKE
AT THIS TIME TO
REFUTE A COMMONLY
HELD RUMOR THAT
DAVID MERRILL
CREATOR OF THIS ALLEGEDLY
HUMOROUS COMIC, DRAWS
HIMSELF INTO THE
TITLE ROLE AS
JET JAGUAR.

THESE PHOTOS SHOW THIS SIMPLY ISN'T TRUE.



SO THERE D

WE WOULD ALSO LIKE TO
ANNOUNCE JET JAGUAR'S
SERIOUS ADVENTURES
ARE NOW APPEARING
IN GEAR IMAGE, AVAILABLE
FROM GEAR PRODUCTIONS
3314 ANN RD
SMYRNA GA 30086
ONLY 25¢ AND A
STAMP.

ENOUGH
PROMOTIONALS!
THERE'S
VIOLENCE
TO BE DONE!



WILL JET JAGUAR DEFEAT THE DARK
POORLY DRAWN & BADLY INKED
FIGURE OF MYSTERY, SANDY FRANK? WILL
JET EVER GET A DATE UNINTERRUPTED
BY A VITAL MISSION? AND WILL
DAVE EVER GET THIS STORY IN BY
THE DEADLINE?

NEXT: KENTUCKY FRIED
AMAZON WOMEN
- OR -
RADIO 009!

STORY

The Untold Story

Part 3

-By Kenneth Mayes

"Well, I hope you enjoyed creating more work for me!" was the first thing Derek Wildstar heard when he awoke. Opening his eyes, he saw that he was in sick-bay. Dr. Sane was giving him a very stern look.

"What happened?" he muttered.

"You got your ass kicked!" the short doctor shot back acidly.

Mark venture stepped forward. "You should have checked Collins' bio-records before you fought him. He's a master in Jute Kun Doe as well as Karate and Thai kick-boxing."

"Yes...I learned the hard way..." He rubbed his eyes. "Ow..." he withdrew his hand quickly as pain shot through his face.

"You've got a broken nose, Wildstar," Dr. Sane explained. "The laser-knitter has restored the bone structure to its former state, but it'll still be sore for a few days. Take it as a reminder...before you try to beat up a crewmember!"

Wildstar started to say something in retort, but the doctor turned away. He then looked at Venture. The Argo's second in command lowered his eyes. Wildstar then looked thoughtfully at the floor.

He nodded, "You're both right. I was in the wrong..." He sat up quickly and swung his feet to the floor. "Where is Sergeant Collins?"

"He's in the brig," Venture answered.

"Release him! Tell him to report to my cabin at 04-...no! On second thought, I'll go to him."

"ATTENTION ALL HANDS..." Sandor's voice sounded over the intercom. "WARP IN TEN SECONDS!"

Wildstar quickly laid back down and gripped the sides of the medical guernsey. The countdown clicked by, "Five, four, three, two, one, Warp!"

Suddenly the bottom dropped out of reality. The captain of the Argo experienced the sensation of falling off a cliff followed by a torrential flood.

All manner of wild images bombarded his senses. Sounds could be smelled, sights could be tasted, taste could be heard. The only good thing about a warp was the realization that in about ten seconds, subjective time, the experience would be over. In reality the chronometer would register only the passing of a few nano-seconds.

Wildstar grimaced as the sensation of sliding through the air-conditioning grill as easily has water and collecting in a puddle, overwhelmed him. The events experienced during a warp had often been likened to acute schizophrenic attacks.

Suddenly the sensations of reality returned in a pop! The buzzing in his hears began as it always did. No one had ever figured that one out yet. Most doctors believed it to be the brain trying to read-just to its surroundings. But whatever it was, it would last for only a minute or so then fade. Slowly he sat back up and grimaced. "I hate that!"

"Well, Cutie-pie," IQ-9 stated euphorically, "Did you enjoy your first space warp?"

PC-38 turned slowly away from the medical records bank and focused her receptors on the red stubby robot. "About as much as I enjoy your company."

Without missing a beat, IQ continued, "I've been through hundreds of warps...I'm an old hand at them. Did you know I have even piloted the ship through them before?"

"No...and I really don't care."

That made IQ pause for a moment. But for only a moment. "What are you doing right now?"

"I am refiling the computer records for the crew as per Dr. Sane's orders."

"Do you need some help?"

"No!" PC-38 snapped, "I am perfectly capable of handling it. In fact...I am now finished."

With a quick turn she headed across the room to

the terminal and down-loaded the files to the central banks.

"What are you going to do now?" IQ asked.

She tuned to face him, "I am to report to the computer sciences division to have an annoying pest removed."

"Oh, what kind of pest? A programming glitch? Why don't you let me take a look at your programming deck,...I may be able to help, after all...I am a genius robot."

"I wouldn't allow you near my programming deck if you were the last programmer in the universe!"

"But I assure you that I am fully capable...I am a level nine robot...I even reprogram myself from time to time."

PC turned and headed for the door. Quickly IQ rolled up beside her and continued talking. "In fact I was the first robot with self-programming capability. I was the proto-type."

As the door slid open the two robots glided through it and into the passageway. PC sped up a little but IQ did so as well. "Did I ever tell you about the time I reprogrammed the Mainframe Computer at Earth Defense Headquarters?"

PC increased her speed some more. "I even got a crack at reprogramming the guidance system of a Gamilon missile that struck the ship once."

Breaking into a quick stride, PC tried to out-distance IQ. But the short red robot kept pace easily. "I also designed the computers on the Defense Satellites ringing Earth...why are you walking so fast....?"

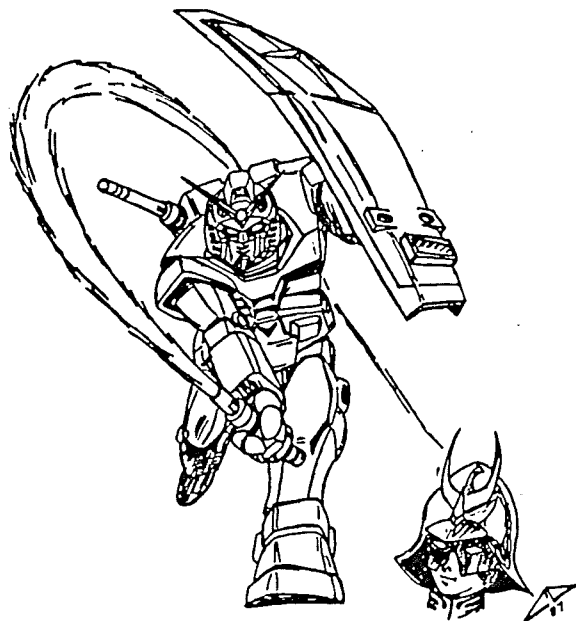
Derek Wildstar walked briskly into the mouth of the security corridor. The two guards posted there snapped to attention. Gliding between them he motioned for them to follow him. He stopped at the first door in the hallway and said to the senior guard, "Open it."

"Yes sir," the guard stepped forward and inserted his electronic key into the lock. With a slight hiss the door slid aside.

"Say out here," the captain ordered. He then stepped inside.

Sergeant Larry Collins stood up from where he was sitting and came to attention. "Sir," he barked. Anger was evident in his demeanor. After the door slid shut behind Wildstar, Collins continued, "So this is how you keep your word, huh, Captain, sir?"

"Wait a minute..."



"You lose the fight so...you stick me in the brig. Very neatly handled sir!"

"Shut up, Sergeant!" Wildstar snapped, "Firstly...I didn't put you in here, the first officer did. Secondly...I...am here to...uh...to apologize."

Collins' eyes widened.

"You were right..." Wildstar continued. "I acted wrongly. I shouldn't have tried to use my rank to order you to stay away from Nova. In fact, I shouldn't have tried to keep you away from her at all. It's her life...it's your life. I had no business trying to interfere. I'm sorry." He extended his hand, "Peace?"

Slowly, warily, Collins extended his arm and shook Wildstar's hand. "All right, sir. Apology accepted. Now about my billeting..."

"I've already ordered your release. It won't go into your record...or mine. Return to duty, Sergeant." He saluted.

"Yes sir," Collins returned the salute.

"Guards," Wildstar called. The door slid open.

"Yes sir?"

"Sergeant Collins is released as of now. Report to your section chief for new orders."

"Yes sir!"

Wildstar turned back to Collins and motioned towards the door, "After you..."

"CAPTAIN TO THE BRIDGE!" Sandor's voice called over the intercom.

"Gangway guys," Wildstar exclaimed as he doubled his pace and headed out of the corridor.

"Engage maneuvering thrusters," Sandor ordered the young lieutenant on duty at the navigator's position. "Bring us to within five hundred kilometers of the alien and hold."

At that point Wildstar came bounding onto the bridge, "What do you have, Sandor?"

"I don't know yet, Wildstar," the ship's science officer answered. "We are approaching the source of the signal we received yesterday. It appears to be some sort of ship. But..."

"But what?"

"Well, the spectroscope reveals very low power readings, and we also are unable to identify the metal in its hull. We are transmitting contact signals to it, but so far no answer. We know they're aware of us...the signals they were sending stopped almost to the second of our signal beginning."

The elevator doors opened once again and Mark Venture came onto the bridge. He crossed the room quickly and relieved the lieutenant at the navigation post.

"Care to guess what it's origins are?" Wildstar asked Sandor.

"It's definitely not Gamilon, Comet Empire or Dark Nebulan Empire in origin. It is also not from Earth. We are getting some pretty weird readings from it. It has almost no radar image, and get this...it's painted black!"

"Our position?"

"We're coasting in on a standard approach course. We'll hold back at five hundred kilometers."

"Very good," Wildstar glanced over at the screen. The faint image of the mysterious ship was centered there hung against the black backdrop of space.

"Dash, prepare a boarding shuttle full life support gear. I want Sergeant Collins and his Marines in the landing bay in five minutes. Pick your own men, Dash. You're in charge of the operation."

"Yes, sir."

"CAPTAIN!..." Eager shouted.

Suddenly a massive shock passed through the ship. Wildstar was knocked from his feet. The lights flickered. As he scrambled back to his feet he heard the panicky voices of his bridge crew.

"My terminal's gone down..."

"No power to the emergency shutters!"

"What the...I'm getting no response from my board."

The bridge was then plunged into darkness.

"Emergency lights!" Wildstar exclaimed.

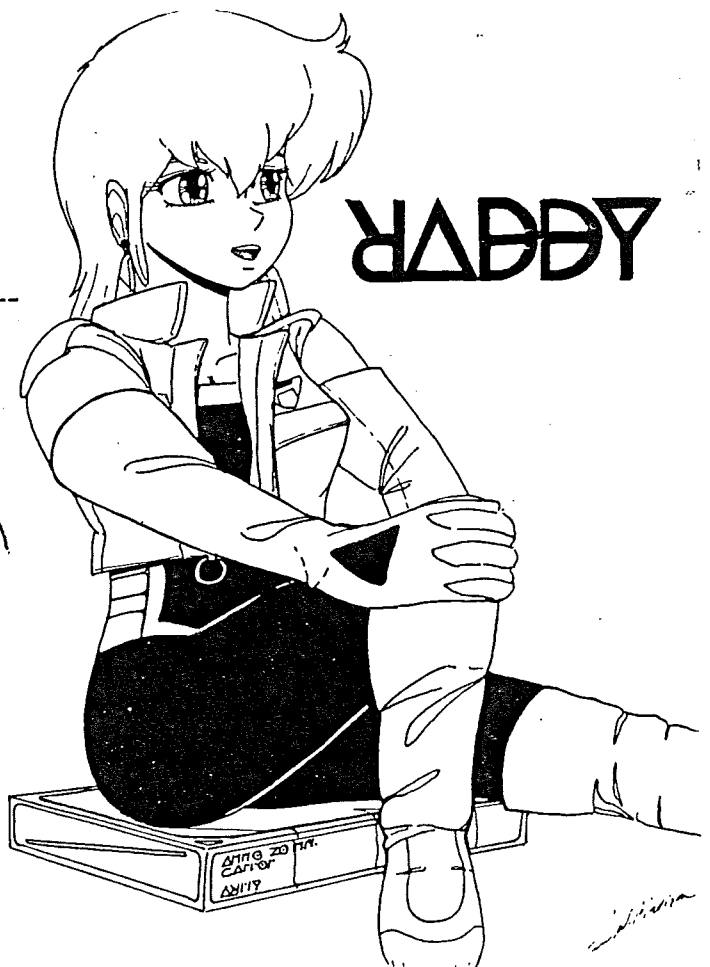
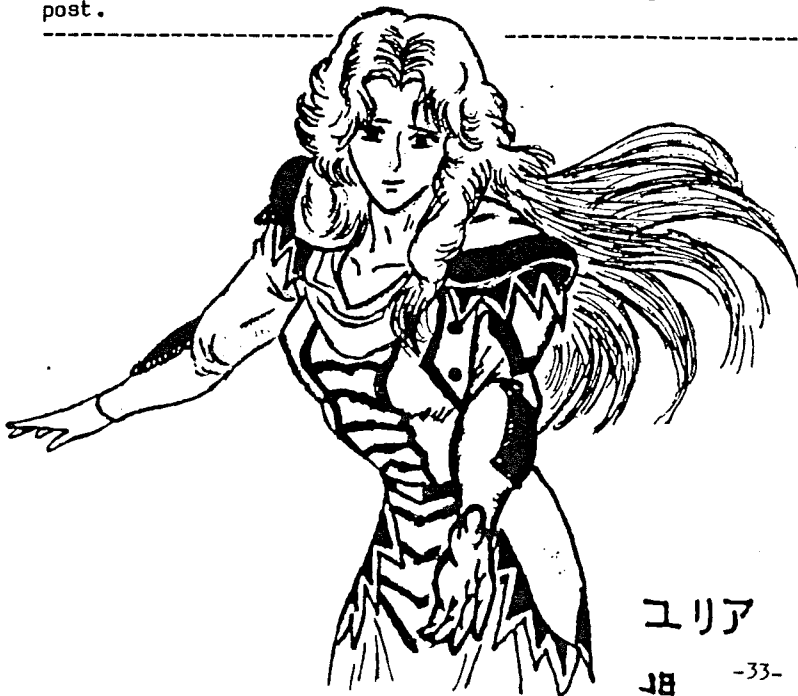
"No response," Dash answered, "We're losing everything!"

"Full alert!"

"No good Wildstar," Sandor yelled from his station, "The alert channels are dead. Everything's out...even the backups. Guns, Missiles, Life Support, every goddamn thing on board is down. No power!"

In the total blackness of the bridge Wildstar turned toward the forward window. The tiny specks of light from distant stars glowed back at him in silence.

TO BE CONTINUED



ユリア

88

STEEL DREAMS

-by Julie Tharp

What of a ship?
What of the years it sails the seas,
Or stays docked and unused
Or lies buried, sleeping?
Does it dream steel dreams?

Does a ship take on a life of it's own
That goes beyond the name and the frame;
Making it an individual object
Worth of being called "she"?
Does it know?

Does a ship keep the memory
Of the lives and the times of a crew that manned her?
Is every room, every piece of furniture and equipment
Imbued with their emotions, personalities and actions?
Their hopes and fears, laughter and tears,
Loves and hates, braveries and loyalties?
Does it remember?

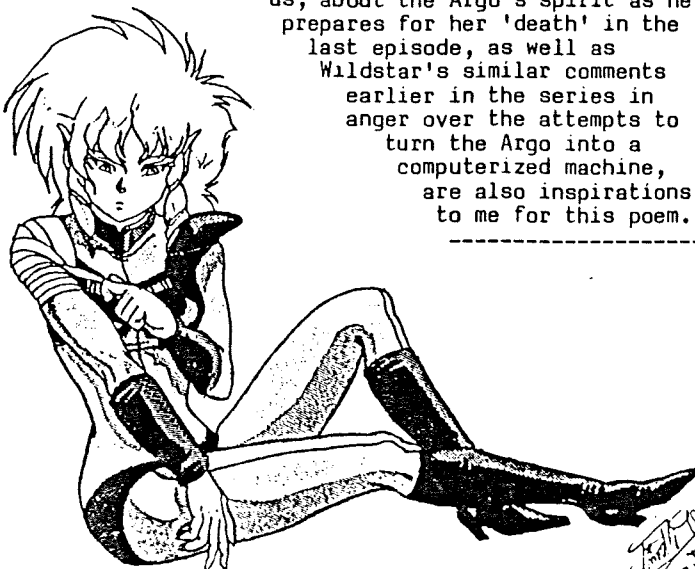
Does a ship recall all the places she's seen?
Or all the things that she's been through?
All the wonders and beauties
Of Nature, and those made by man?
All the byways she's travelled; the cargos she's
carried -
Or all the battles she's seen?
Does it murmur?

Does it dream steel dreams?
Does it know?
Does it remember?
Does it murmur?
Steel dreams.....

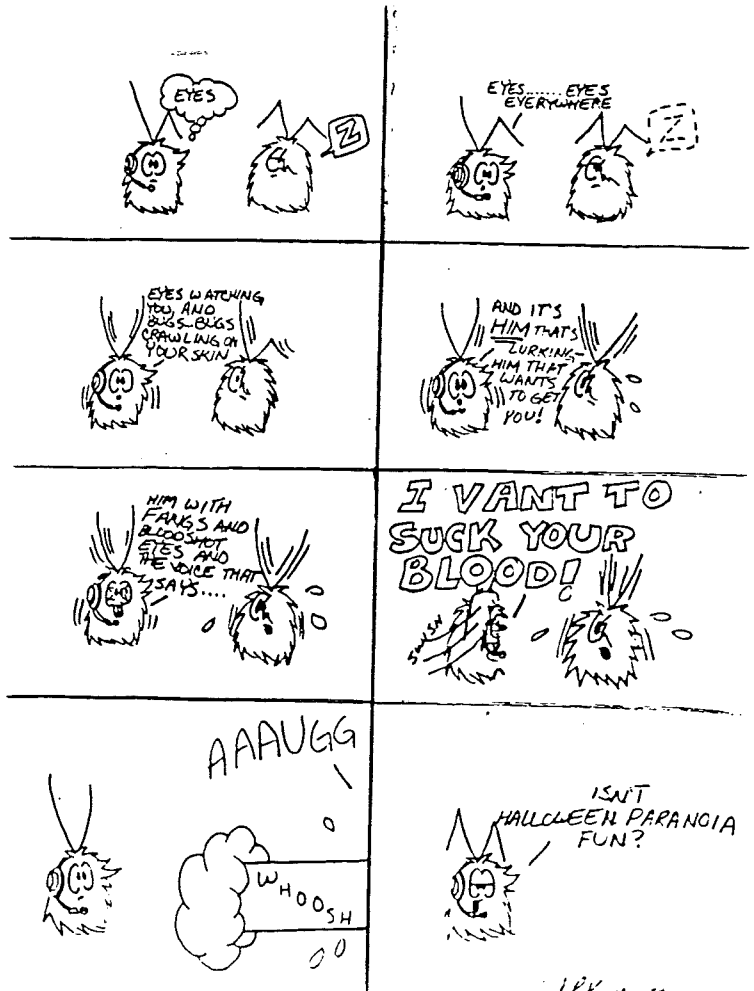
AUTHOR'S EXPLANATION: This was not only inspired by a particular scene, but is also an overview of the feelings possible by the Star Force, and fans, toward the Argo/Yamato. The poem I designed to be also a general philosophical view toward any ship. Knowing the feelings people can have toward ships and believing in the theories that certain things which are lived in and keep 'vibes' of such things as I write; as the source of much supernatural/ psychic phenomena. Also, it is said that metal or metal-constructed objects attract true para-normal activities easier.

The feeling in SB-II of Captain Avatar still being aboard the Argo (symbolized by the bust at the Captain's station) is a good illustration of this in his influence continuing beyond normal over the Star Force (particularly Wildstar) after death.

Wildstar's beautiful speech to the Captain, and us, about the Argo's spirit as he prepares for her 'death' in the last episode, as well as Wildstar's similar comments earlier in the series in anger over the attempts to turn the Argo into a computerized machine, are also inspirations to me for this poem.



THARP
11/5 4/97



L.P. 11/5 4/97

ARTICLE

SAVED BY SCIENCE

Megazone 23, Eve, and Artificial Intelligence
-by Chris Todd

The purpose of this article is to attempt to offer some ideas and concepts concerning the field of computer artificial intelligence, with special reference to Eve Tokimatsuri--the computer construct from Megazone 23 Parts I and II. First a quick disclaimer though: artificial intelligence has become my chosen field of endeavour, but not by a longshot am I any expert. Many statements I make concerning artificial intelligence are purely some of my own ideas, and may be seen as science fiction by many experts. However, these ideas are usually based on reasonable extrapolation of available research. Considering that technological sophistication increases at a cubic rate, some of these ideas are not so far out. In addition, all errors concerning Megazone are mine and not intentional. I would welcome any reasonable debate on possible errors.

Most fans of anime are at least familiar with Megazone 23 (hereafter referred to as M23). For those new to anime or who have not recently seen M23 I offer this brief synopsis of the role of Eve. Eve Tokimatsuri is the entertainment personality of the Megazone, as both a consummate performer and a television hostess. However, unknown to the populace, Eve is in actuality the primary extension of the Megazone computer Bahamuto and skilled in the fashioning of lifelike holograms. Eve's primary objective is the protection of the human race, even to the point of using her total control of the media and information flow to conceal the true nature of the Megazone. Megazone 23 is not Earth, as most believe, but a space travelling biosphere returning humanity to the real Earth after it had suffered a nuclear catastrophe several generations ago.

A point of contention arose between a friend and myself concerning the humanity of Eve within the framework of M23. After much debate the point was conceded that while Eve does act human and alive, she is a computer program and so, by definition, cannot have any semblance of humanity. The question then becomes what is the difference between acting and being human? Eve was just a program designed to mimic humanity, right? And after all, how can a machine be alive?

I'm glad you asked, Sherman. The answer to question number one, I think, is best exemplified by the Turing Test. The famous British mathematician Turing developed a test to determine if a computer is intelligent, at least by our standards. You have two rooms, each with a chair and a computer terminal. Occupants of each room can communicate through the terminals, and only through the terminals. In one room place a human and tell him that the room he will communicate with contains either a human or a computer program. The human can then carry on a conversation of indefinite length over any subject with the second room's occupant. If after several trials, the original "questioning" human cannot distinguish the program being tested from another human, the program is intelligent. So, in a roundabout way, the answer is that anything that acts sufficiently human is human.

So does Eve act sufficiently human? I would say yes. Eve deceived an entire population into believing she was human. It was "revealed" in M23 Part I that Eve was a hologram controlled by humans. However, these entertainment programs were more likely under automatic computer control the majority of the time. The response seen by Eve during the talk show (also in M23 Part I) would not have been possible in real time under human direction. It is more likely that the human producers responsible for her talk show simply ran a computer program without fully understanding how or why it worked, something

very common in our world. And since all computers in Megazone fed to Bahamuto, it is reasonable to surmise that EVE was "in control of herself" the majority of the time. Another possibility is that Eve had a variety of personae available for her use. A persona would be another program section, a shell or tool that Eve could use, ranging from the simple human controlled entertainment hologram to the Eve program herself. In a way, it is analogous to a suit of clothes that we would put on depending on what job we planned to do, except Eve's personas would possess a certain amount of their own life. It is significant to note that when the majority of Eve's systems are subverted by the military, except for her core personality, Eve appears to the main character, Shogo (Johnny Winters), naked. Eve's other personas have been stripped from her leaving only the main program. The military proceeded to control and use another one of Eve's more martial personae resulting in the military war music that became predominant.

Was Eve alive? Again, I would say yes. The most telling evidence of her humanity can be seen in M23 Part II when Shogo finally meets Eve face to...face, as it were. Eve continually flips scenery, clothing, and objects to her whim through the artistic medium of holograms. No computer program no matter how flexible, could execute the creative thought and imagery necessary for that. The scenery gave a sort of backlit picture of Eve's mind and mood--with the strong implication of thought and emotions. In that same sequence of scenes, Eve also questions Shogo on love...not essential information for any mere computer program. The processing of the information Johnny revealed would at least require the ability to understand love, something I am sure many people would declare a distinctly human trait.



In the end of M23 Part II Eve's systems were progressively taken over by ADAM. ADAM was the defensive network stationed on the Moon to protect the Earth in humanity's absence. When ADAM removes control of the Megazone biosphere from Eve, she states that the fate of the human race is in the hands of ADAM. However, I believe that the original creators of the Megazone had planned for this contingency. Despite what Eve indicated concerning ADAM's role, which was probably true as far as she knew, Eve was given by her creators the option of "Final Protection" if she became desperate enough to try and save those few she could. But the cost was the ultimate demise of the Eve program. An act of self sacrifice and love that would be considered another trait peculiar to humanity. Johnny's discussion of love had no small influence on her decision, for I believe she came to love Johnny in a way. There has been some interesting speculation that Eve, in reviving Yui's body, somehow reincarnated a small part of herself along with Yui.

"That's all well and good," you say, "but what about some solid and realistic speculation here?" I'm sure you said that.

The creation of a program like Eve, even if you don't believe she was sentient, would be a massive undertaking. The hardware and information storage technologies would have to be extremely sophisticated. There is the likely possibility that whole new technologies would have to be developed. Some recent hardware (hardware is the actual physical components of a computer) advances could make these technologies viable for AI (Ed: artificial intelligence) development:

1) CD RAM - Extremely similar technology to audio compact disks, it would allow relatively faster storage and retrieval of information through the use of a laser. Also allows a higher density of information storage--recent experiments put the entire Grolier World Encyclopedia on a single disk.

2) CRYSTAL RAM - An idea in the extreme future, but still very interesting. Information could be stored on the molecular level of a crystalline lattice and then retrieved later in some manner. The whole of human history could be shoved into a cube no bigger than your hand.

3) ROOM TEMPERATURE SUPERCONDUCTORS - A superconductor is a material that conducts electricity with almost no resistance, but they usually exist only at **extremely** low temperatures. If superconductive wiring were used in computers, then speed would be increased by several orders of magnitude. Recent jumps have been in superconductor technology, essentially raising the temperature at which superconductors can be used. These advances will make superconducting technology very attractive in the future.

4) NEW SYSTEMS CONSTRUCTION - The assembling and designing of "old" computing technologies in a new way. For instance, designing several interconnected little computers instead of one big computer. One original idea is to wire together 64 little computers as the vertexes of a tesseract (a tesseract is a 4th dimensional cube, just as a box is a 2nd dimensional cube). Another idea is to imbed electronic circuitry in ceramic blocks to improve maintenance and durability.

And of course there are many more ideas, all of which could be combined in some fashion.

And I just know you'll say, "But hardware is no good without software -- what about it?" Well, software (software is the programs and operating systems that run the hardware) is a bit more tricky. There are only two approaches I really currently know of (Whew!), and both are a bit far-out:

1) NEURAL NETWORKS - Really bizarre. Trust me. But also quite promising. The idea is to wire together several (in the hundreds or thousands) little computers in a way that almost, but not quite, approximates the brain. Recent experiments have been quite successful and have let to some valuable knowledge on the nature and use of human memory.

2) CELLULAR AUTOMATA - This is the more bizarre. The most interesting incarnation of this idea I have seen is in an excellent book called The Cybernetic Samurai by Victor Milan (don't let the silly title throw you), if you enjoy Japanese you should love this book. The idea is to write an initial program that has the ability to learn and evolve, then place it in increasingly more difficult situations to cope with, up to and including complex role-playing simulations. Note that this approximates human life to some extent...

A friend of mine noted that in Japanese literature Eve is given both an age and bloodtype, so a third possibility exists. I call it:

3) THE MAX HEADROOM SYNDROME - Somehow a human personality is transferred into a computer system to grow, learn, and evolve there. In a way this approximates our current expert systems, where a person's expertise on one confined subject is encoded as a set of rules into the computer. These rules can then make decisions that approximates those a knowledgeable human would have made. Except in this case, an entire mind is placed in a computer system. This brings up some very interesting metaphysical questions...

Last (Bless you!), but not least, is the subject of wetware. A synthesis of both organic and computer hardware/software. Wetware, as with most of the topics I covered, could be a whole other paper (another?). An idea of mine for a wetware computing unit would combine aspects of crystalline RAM, new systems construction, neural networks, and cellular automata. The core of the system would be a semi-organic computing unit that would process information electrochemically rather than through electrical circuitry. I have the theory worked out as well as I can, and it's so bizarre that I am sure it's useful for something.

Well, that's it. I hope you learned something, I hope it was interesting, and I hope it didn't bore you to death. I really must be running, though, I'm working on a prototype BAHDMOOD 2000 computer (just had to throw that in), but let me leave you with one last point in favor of Eve: She's damned good looking!

REFERENCE:

English versions exist of both Megazones. A bastardized Megazone 23 Part I in the form of the Robotech Movie (for more commentary see Jeff Blend's review) and a more faithful English Megazone 23 Part II, just released, from which I drew the majority of my information. There also exist several good synopses and a REAL interesting subtitled Megazone 23 Part II.

As for the computing technologies I recommend the Scientific American "Computer Recreations" column as the best resource. There are, as far as I have been able to find, no really good books that give a good overview of AI on the layman level, but several good articles have appeared in both Science and Scientific American. The book The Recursive Universe is an excellent guide to cellular automata, if you can find it. And of course a good science fiction book won't hurt. Although I can't completely recommend them, the William Gibson stories Neuromancer and Count Zero contain some very interesting ideas concerning AI

entities. I have also heard that the book Hardwired by Walter Jon Williams is also good. And I'm sorry I can't recall the authors, but the excellent books Godel, Escher, Bach and Laws of the Game contain some very interesting information that can be applied to AI.

If anyone finds any of these ideas vaguely

STORY

BETWEEN GALAXIES - Pt. 7

"Identity Crisis"

-by Logan Darklighter

Two personae at war, an inner conflict to mirror the outer one. Dev and Tahoji vied and struggled in a single mind, each trying to assimilate the other. Each, without knowing it, asking the same question:

"Who are you?"

"Who am I?"

"Who are we?"

Two sets of memories met, intertwined against their will, reliving each, the other's past. Each persona trying desperately, oh so desperately, to hold onto reality and existence. A double mental scream of anguish, but there was no escape from each other.

The Tahoji persona moaned, "I'm dead! I'm dead! I'm dead! I want to live on! Oh please, I want to live on!"

Dev cried out silently, "My life!! My mind!! My soul!! GET OUT!!!"

"NO!! I will not!"

* * * *

Dev/Tahoji moaned softly in his artificially induced sleep. His brain was on the verge of consciousness and the sleep inducer was having trouble keeping him sedated. Occasionally he would twitch violently and mouth words silently in Gamilon or English.

* * * *

Dev and Tahoju were both struggling for independence and dominance but neither of them were gaining any ground. Rather, they were still inexorably merging.

But as all their memories merged together they/he began to realize that the Dev side of them/him was more of a complete entity, anchored more to the reality of life than the Tahoji side. All of a sudden he/they grabbed onto a vision, a figure of unconscious, fawnlike grace surrounded by a nearly weightless swirl of gold-blonde, framing large, intelligent green eyes, but in the end it was Dev, and not Tahoji, who cried her name -

"Lyra!"

* * * *

Dev heaved off the bed and crashed unceremoniously onto the floor. He lay on his back, holding his hands to his temples. He had a terrible headache. But he was himself. Undeniably. Dev wasn't sure how, but he was aware of Tahoji's memories submerged under his own.

He also became aware of another sensation...he was starving and very, very thirsty. A mess hall, he thought, there's got to be one on this base somewhere.

But then, he remembered where it was, the memory had come unbidden to his mind and somehow, he knew.

Convenient, he thought. Then he realized he was alone in someone's quarters. Rather spartan looking, but here and there were personal touches. There was a holocube (again the identifier came unbidden) on the desk. The desk seemed to flow into the wall at its edges (didn't anyone believe in right angles around here?). He touched the cube and the portrait

interesting and would like to personally discuss/debate/have a good 'ole brawl over them, I'll be the one at the November Fantasy Fair screaming "Dirty Pair Forever!" and for my next trick, if you liked this article I will write IN DEFENSE OF GIANT HUMANOID ROBOTS BY SOMEONE WHO JUST DOESN'T BELIEVE IN THEM, just for the hell of it.

of a woman appeared. It wasn't Lyra, but the resemblance was unmistakable. It had to be her mother.

He looked down at himself. He was wearing the tan/brown semi-armor of the enlisted. He picked up the helmet and put it on. He was going to find Lyra and then, hopefully, something to eat to get his strength back.

Lysis had insisted on taking the base commander's quarters as his own. Volgar had come dangerously close to insubordination attempting to protest, but Lysis understood why when he stepped through the doors.

Lysis stood there for a moment, unwilling to believe what he saw, but only for a moment. Then his anger erupted. "Volgar, you unmitigated fool! Not only are you an incompetant, but you are an extravagant self-serving incompetant!"

Extravagance was a mild word for Volgar's apartment. Volgar had managed to surround himself in finery and luxury rivaling a noble's. There were objects d'art, paintings and statues that simply must have been diverted here somehow. Volgar couldn't even be said to have good taste. The whole effect made one squint. Lysis didn't care where he had gotten it all. It was sickening. Where was simplicity and order? Where was the purity in any of this? He picked up a whip off of one of the lounges, more evidence of Volgar's leanings, and managed to pulverize every statue and strip to confetti every painting while Volgar watched, helplessly seething.

Satisfied he had made his point, Lysis coiled the whip back up and said, "If we are going to defeat anything, we will need some discipline around here. Volgar, until further notice, every officer is to be confined to their quarters."

Volgar grimaced, "Yes sir."

* * * *

"Where the hell is he?!" Lyra said darkly.

"Maybe Earthmen need a stronger dosage of current from the sleep inducer..." offered Mekis.

"We have to find him, quickly!" Lyra absolutely refused this time to think of the consequences should the unspeakable happen. They were simply too terrible. "Where would he go?"

Lyra tried to think of any factor or motivations that would guide Dev's steps. Or, perhaps, maybe she should try to outguess this Tahoji persona? Suddenly she gained a flash of insight. "Mekis, are you hungry?"

"Actually, now that you remind me, I'm absolutely famished!" Then he caught on, "Oh! I see! Right!"

"Come on then, let's find him."

* * * *

Dev had just started to realize how big this base was and had decided to return to Lyra's quarters, when he came across the cafeteria. "Why not?"

He felt as if his stomach were going to jump out of his body and grab anything, no matter how weird (or oddly familiar) it was. There were no attendants, just the food dispensers, so he felt fairly safe. Once he got his tray of food and sat down, it started to hit him.

My God, he thought, this is planet Ballen, and the Starforce could be days or weeks away from here

and yet here I am, actually ahead of them. He tried the drink the dispenser had given him. It was terribly sweet yet bitter at the same time. It was terrible. An odd thought struck him...he was in a perfect position to pick up tactical information that would be valuable to Yamato's fight, if only he could get it back to them. One interesting thing he had noticed was that although all Gamilons were supposed to have blue skin, he had seen two other soldiers in the corridors with human peachtone skin color, which meant that he might go relatively unnoticed after all. Something about that was bringing back that on again-off again deja-vu feeling, but he couldn't think of what it might be.

Just then Lyra and Mekis walked into the cafeteria. They saw Dev and sat down at his table.

Dev was looking very intently at Lyra, there were so many things on his mind, but before he could say anything Lyra said, "Are you alright? Why did you leave?"

"I am myself, if that's what you mean, and as you can see, I needed desperately to 'refuel', so to speak."

"Good, there are plans that need to be made." She was in her 'business as usual' mode, but Dev could detect an edge of relief in her voice. He purposefully locked his gaze on Lyra until their eyes met.

Lyra met his look and held it. There was no longer any doubt in her mind that he was extremely attractive. His jet-black shock of thick hair framed his high boned features, almost feminine in their attractiveness. The mouth with the corner almost always in a quirk on the verge of becoming a smile. The small nose, the almost-bushy brows giving him a rogue-ish look belied by the compassionate eyes.

Then Dev gave in to the impulse he had had. He leaned over and gently kissed her on the mouth. Lyra was surprised, but only for a second, and then she was returning the affection.

"That's to thank you for everything you've done," Dev said when he pulled away.

* * * *

Lysis observed the recording of the destroyer plowing it's way across the ferrocrete and coming to a skidding halt. He pushed a depression in the armrest of his chair and the image froze...then backed up as the ship retraced it's path, seemingly repairing the landing strip as it went, and then leapt back up into the dull maroon sky of Ballan and dwindled to a point. Another control push, and the destroyer careened down just enough to accomplish a 'controlled' landing. The General froze the image again and looked through some reports. Powerplant

main leads damaged...gravitics almost completely out...jury rigged command controls...all well and good they survived but that was one of the more impressive pieces of piloting he'd ever seen.

He turned in his chair to pick up the two dossiers he had just summoned. The creature was somewhere between plant and animal and looked much like an articulated ashtray table. Genetically tailored, they made quite useful servants/pets. Lysis retrieved the dossiers from the G'naaak's tentacles to study.

"Hmmm," Mekis was an engineer and a fairly proficient one at that. The only thing that had kept him from advancing to engineer first class was 4 disciplinary actions within the last year. Lysis' brows knit, discipline was lax all throughout Volgar's command. It was a good thing Desslok had given it to him. From Mekis' record, it was apparent to Lysis that with the right kind of 'incentive', Mekis might make a fine engineering officer.

Lieutenant Lyra was a computer and electronics specialist and her service record was exemplary, as it would have had to have been, in order to have advanced as far as she had. Few female citizens indeed were willing to entirely give up social freedoms and courtesies that Gamilon society extended to live the spartan military existence. One imperial court wag was said to have considered himself quite witty when he had joked, "The Gamilon navy m'friends, where the men are men, and the women are men too." It was said that the man's extremely loud and raucous laughter at his own joke had been abruptly cut off when the floor suddenly opened up underneath him.

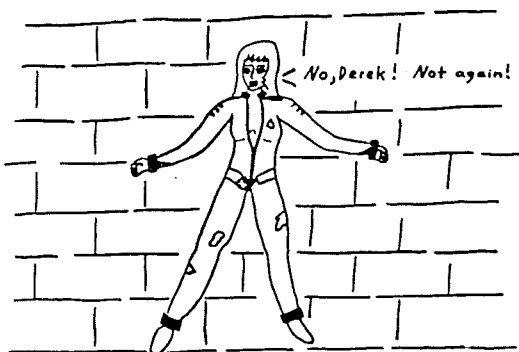
Lysis placed the dossiers on the desk. He really should leave this matter to one of his subordinates, there were far more important matters to attend to. The so-called 'Starforce' had actually become a viable threat, smashing a sizable fleet element and breaking through the blockade of their solar system, arrowing straight for Gamilon itself. Volgar's whole attitude toward dealing with them seemed almost casually incompetant...wait a moment. He looked through the documents again, then up again to the frozen image of the destroyer's crash landing. Yesss... a very impressive bit of skill indeed, to bring such a crippled ship back and come through it alive...especially when neither Lyra or Mekis were rated as command pilots.

Lyra, he thought, you are either the most resourceful officer in my command....or you're hiding something. The former would be an asset I can use, the latter I will deal with, if necessary.

TO BE CONTINUED

Lemon Cream Pie Dream

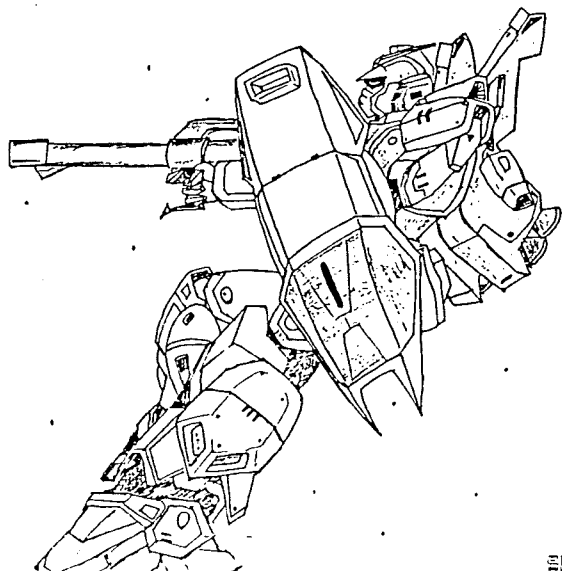
(Adults Only)



TWM
87

For even more sexy thrills, try...

Egg Custard Coma!



LYRICS

RUSSIAN ROULETTE

Opening Theme from : The Dirty Pair
Translation by Henry Jerng
Used with Permission of Guy Brownlee
First printed: Dirty Little Girls #1

ENGLISH

Ru-Ru-Ru-Russian Roulette
Ru-Ru-Ru-Ru-Ru-Russian
Ru-Ru-Ru-Ru-Ru-Russian

Don't be filled by love-like feelings that don't
involve a certain gamble--
let's always be in a state of suspense.
In times of boredom, I am tempted to--
I can't stop thinking of something evil/bad.

Tonight, please come to our secret casino
and occasionally get drunk in restless games.
Feeling that I am falling downwards;
If I get used to it, it would be frightening.
An ecstasy that seem to be becoming a habit.

Russian, Russian roulette
Just now, make the decision in your heart.

Whenever I hold a magnum which bluntly shines,
electricity runs in a narrow line.
Until I catch you alive in the midst of risk and
danger,
I, dangerous Russian Roulette.

In a state of suspense, Dance, dance.
Impatiently waiting, Chance, chance...
Decide with determination.

Tonight, please come to our secret casino
and occasionally get drunk in restless games.
Feeling that I am falling downwards;
If I get used to it, it would be frightening.
An ecstasy that seem to be becoming a habit.

Russian, Russian Roulette
If you come here, don't draw from behind.

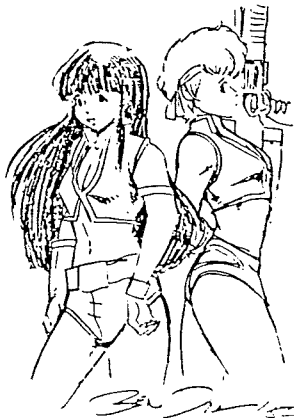
Tightly embracing the magnum which bluntly shines,
cute elf-like girl who is a little frightened.
Until I catch you alive hanging by your life,
I, dangerous Russian Roulette.

Ru-Ru-Ru-Russi-Russian
Russian, Russian Roulette
Just now, make the decision in your heart.

In a state of suspense, Dance, dance.
Impatiently waiting, Chance, chance...
Decide with determination.

In a state of suspense, Dance, dance.
Impatiently waiting, Chance, chance...

cha-cha-cha-cha-cha-cha-cha-chance!



JAPANESE

Ro-Ro-Ro-Roshian Ruureto
Ro-Ro-Ro-Ro-Ro-Ro-Roshian
Ro-Ro-Ro-Ro-Ro-Ro-Roshian

Kake no nai koi nado tsumaranai

itsumo hara hara-doki doki sasete yo
taikutsu na toki ni wa sasowarechiyou no yo
warui kokoro ga tomaranai

Konya himitsu no kashino ni oide yo
tomaniya muboo na asobi ni yoishire
Ochite yukuyo na kibun wa
naretara kowai yo
Kuse ni nari soona ekusutashii

Roshian Roshian ruuette
Ima sugu kokoro ni shirikuro tsukete

Nibuku hikatta magunamu motsu tabi
hosoi rain ni denki ga hashiru wa
Ichika bachika de anata o torika ni suru made
watashiwa abuna roshian ruureto

Hara hara-doki doki dance dance
Uki uki-waku waku chance chance
Kakugo o kimete

Konya himitsu no kashino ni oide yo
tomaniya muboo na asobi ni yoishire
Ochite yukuyo na kinun wa
naretara kowai yo
Kuse ni nari soon ekusutashii

Roshian roshian Ruuetto
Koko made kitara ato ni wa hikenai

Nibuku hikatta magunamu dakishime
sukoshi obieru kawaii erufuin
Inochi o kaku anata o toriko no suru made
watashi abuna roshian ruuette

Ro-Ro-Ro-Roshi-Roshian
Roshian Roshian ruuette
Ima sugu kokoro ni shirikuro tsukete

Hara hara-doki doki dance dance
Uki uki-waku waku chance chance
Kakugo o kimete

Hara hara-doki doki dance dance
Uki uki-waku waku chance chance



SYNOPSIS

RUMIC WORLD - VOLUME 1: FIRE TRIPPER

Synopsis from Baycon '86

Japanese Movie Program Book

(Note: This is the first of the "Rumic World" (or "Lumic World", as some call it) short video-only releases written by Takahashi Rumiko, the creator of Urusei Yatsura.)

As the film opens, a 15th century Japanese village is attacked and put to the torch by bandits. As a young child, SUZU, is about to die in a burning house, she mysteriously disappears...only to reappear in modern times.

She is adopted by a childless couple and grows into a beautiful young woman. On her way home from school, she meets up with SHU, a young boy from her neighborhood. He has recently had his appendix removed, and takes great pride in his "wonderful" scar.

As they walk past some huge natural gas storage tanks, they are caught in a terrible explosion...

SUZUKO awakens and finds herself on a battlefield strewn with corpses. She is rescued from an unsavory fate by SHUKUMARU, although she is initially afraid he's going to kill her next. He and his friends expect an attack against their village in retribution for his killing of the three bandits. But at least they got the rice they were after, even though some of the older men in the village complain about the fact that it was stolen. "Hah!" retorts Shukumaru, "We've gotta eat, don't we?"

Next day, work starts on a palisade to help repel the expected attack. Suzuko meets the young Suzu, who tells her, "My brother says he's going to marry you!"

Shukumaru cleans her up, takes her to get a "proper kimono". "Take whatever you want," he says. "Where are they from?" Suzuko asks. "Oh, I took them off all those dead bodies..." he finally replies. She is not pleased, but spots Shu's shirt and immediately runs off to the battlefield to search for him.

They break for a bite to eat, and Suzuko gets to try the mainstay of a 15th century Japanese peasant's diet: "awa" (roots). They taste pretty awful....

That evening, Shukumaru is teased by his friends, "Haven't you made love to her yet?" He makes excuses, but sets out to remedy the oversight, first fortifying himself with a jar of sake.

By the following day he's forgotten the whole fiasco...although Suzuko hasn't. They set out once again to search for Shu, and end up at a beautiful pool and waterfall. Suzuko decides to take a bath, first obtaining Shukumaru's solemn promise not to look.

"Why are you looking for that kid?" he inquires. "Is he yours or something?" Suzuko is horribly insulted, "WHAT?! do I look old enough to have a kid?!" Well, yeah," he confesses. (note: in 15th century Japan, girls often had their first child by the time they were 13 years old.)

Suzuko confesses to him that she is 17 years old. "Wow, what an old maid!" he says. "After the fight, we better get married." He heads off to help the others, leaving Suzuko to contemplate this remarkable possibility. She remembers learning about her adopted status, and begins to realize that little Suzu is, in fact, her younger self, which makes her and Shukumaru brother and sister...not the ideal situation for marriage!

The enemies attack, and Suzuko is forced to use her power to save Shukumaru from RED HORSE, the bandit leader.

Back in the modern world, it's earlier in the same day that Suzuko and Shu were caught in the explosion. She resists Shukumaru's attempts to kiss her, thinking, "I can't...I'm your sister!" Then she sees his appendectomy scar, and hears that he was found as a child abandoned in a field. It all becomes obvious - he is actually the neighbor's little son, Shu. When they were separated during the time trip, he appeared in the past several years earlier than her.

Shukumaru is in a panic. "We have to go back to my village...without me, they don't have a chance of winning the battle!" Suzuko realizes there is a way back...and she says her last good-byes to the modern world.

Using her foreknowledge of the gas explosion, she and Shukumaru travel back to his village. "Where the hell were you?" demands one of the villagers. "Never mind that," says Shu, "just get ready for our wedding!"

And everyone lives happily ever after...

Original Story.....Takahashi Rumiko
Screenplay.....Kanehara Tomoko
Director.....Takahashi (?)
Suzuko.....Shimamoto Sumi
Shukumaru.....Mizushima Yu

STORY

BE FOREVER: THE LOST SCENE

-by Julie Tharp

Based on Be Forever Roman Album pg. 99's storyboard of an unfortunately unshown, and as far as I know, even produced scene.

No. NO. NOOO...The word formed in his mind; and as he thought his heart would burst something in his mind snapped. The word welled out in the midst of an animal-like roar. He lunged at the nearest thing to him who also happened to be the person who had just hauled him into the rapidly ascending shuttle -- kept him from her. If the thought had been able to occur to him that a leap from the shuttle at the elevation it had already reached after her fall would have seriously injured or even killed him; he didn't care: if she were dead...he didn't really care to live at the moment.

Sprawled on the floor, having suddenly gotten an elbow in the ribs after closing the door; Homer, the lanky, sandy-haired, quiet Communications officer was

yet unprepared for the berserk attack from the man whom he'd never held anything but respect and a certain admiration for; as well as a debt of both his life and sanity Derek Wildstar had never demanded payment for. On top of Homer, Wildstar put all the weight of his body and rage behind the fist that was smalled into Homer's jaw. He then back-handed him on the other side. Homer's neck popped almost audibly before he was once more struck. Wildstar still had a stunned Homer by the shirt and coverall collar as he now yanked him halfway up and shoved him backwards with such force that the lighter man was thrown across the shuttle. It rocked from the erratic movements of the other passengers as well. The opportunity arose for them to move in and attempt to stop what was happening as Wildstar paused long enough to stand stiffly crouched; his upraised fist shaking with the rest of his body. "Nova! She's back there! I tried to save her! I tried... I should be with her!!" With that, the tears finally burst forth. They streamed down the twisted, handsome features of his face. The rage in his brown eyes overshadowed the yet obvious pain and sorrow that had been it's

cause as half-blinded now by tears, he made for Homer again.

Homer, his head swimming; was only halfway aware of Wildstar's renewed grip on his collar, lifting his back slightly off the floor-obviously so he could get a better shot at him. Though he saw two blurry Wildstars, it was easy for Homer to manage a look of silent, hurt-deeper-than-body, angry disbelief.

It was the look that momentarily stopped Wildstar. He didn't lower his fist; but he didn't strike out at him, either-yet.

"WILDSTAR! STOP IT! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING!?" Homer heard the high-pitched yet authoritative command in his ear. It was Dr. Sane. He'd taken advantage of Wildstar's momentary lapse to talk him down. The intensified glare now shifted to the short, older, bespectacled doctor. He let go of Homer, now forgotten.

"TURN THIS SHUTTLE AROUND! We've got to go back for Nova! She's hurt. Didn't you see?! They could kill her. She may be..." Derek bellowed the demand, but with each reason his voice got shakier; but not one muscle relaxed and the dangerous look didn't fade from his eyes.

Dr. Sane matched angry tone with angry tone; the only way from experience he knew he was going to get through to the usually hot-headed youth. This still hurt, though. Oh, how it hurt.

"Wildstar. We can't. You were too busy trying to kill Homer to notice; but there's a least one very big and probably well-armed enemy ship on our scope. Between us and Earth - headed our way.

"Nooo..." Wildstar growled. Dr. Sane wasn't sure if it was a reaction to the threat, or a denial, or both. He didn't give himself or Wildstar time enough to find out.

"And if you're going to act like a wild animal; then I'm going to have to treat you like one." Dr. Sane rushed forward in a quick, stubborn, courageous advance. Wildstar raised his fist defensively, menacingly, and/but took a step backward. His face instantly melted into a look of surprise as the ship's doctor ignored him, shoving up the sleeve of his captain's jacket and uniform shirt in a single swift movement. In another instant he had an experienced tight iron grip on Wildstar's hand; his thumb on a point of his wrist, pressing on a main vein - while his other hand, which had been behind his back all this time, was revealed with a hypodermic in it, cocked and ready. Despite all this, Wildstar still just had an open-mouthed look of confused, helpless surprise. He let out a yelp of protest as the needle was jammed into his arm. As the contents were injected into his bloodstream, even as it was drawn and his protest faded; it was replaced by a choked sound of unexpected pain, and his head jerked upward.

He fought it. All his emotions were now focused on this; what was happening to him. And fighting it off. He squeezed his arm to ease the stinging pain, stop the flow. Clenching his teeth, he violently shook his head in an attempt to keep it clear of the all-too-familiar feeling of unconsciousness slowly, persistently, sweeping over him. And something more. Something not as familiar. Something more frightening. There was a loud, sharp intake of breath-frightening in it's sounding finality - as Wildstar's body convulsed one last time; and he pitched foreward face-down at the feet of the stunned observers.

"Wildstar!" The tall, dark and handsome navigator-pilot surged to his feet, his face and voice filled with concern and a bit of anger. Mark Venture rushed back to where Dr. Sane was helping Homer to his feet, after a cursory examination of both prostrate young men; while the pudgy freckle-faced assistant navigator quit gaping at what happened to over-concernedly jump for the rest of the flight controls.

"Doc, what have you done to him?!" Venture demanded, his fist now upraised; but not with menace, only to physically emphasize the evident emotion in his deep, dark brown eyes; as was his habit: to be as openly volatile and hot-headed as Wildstar at any time was all but against his nature. Perhaps one of the reasons they'd met was for the purpose of a mutually beneficial exchange their differences brought - though Nova had said once (with exasperation) that Derek was, thankfully, getting more out of the deal than Mark. They'd never been able to figure out just which of them had come out on top with that observation.

"He's alright, Venture." Dr. Sane assured him.

"You call that 'alright!?' he pointed to his best friend lying still as death on the floor.

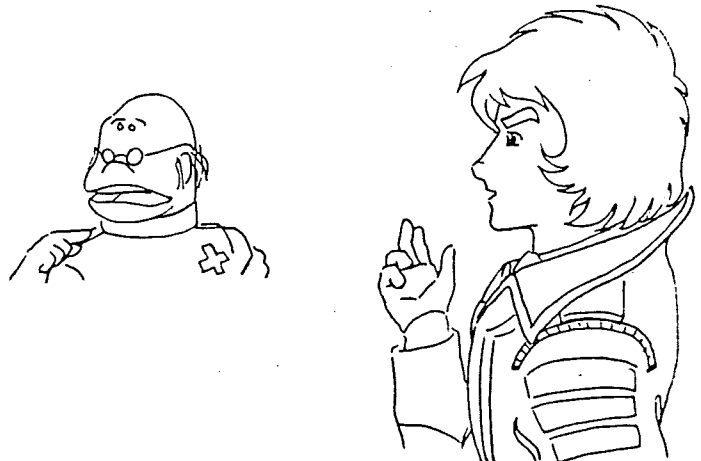
"All I did was give him a sedative." Sane began.

Venture looked at Wildstar. Perhaps it was best for his sake. Though he didn't approve of his actions, he certainly knew the agony Derek felt - and would feel again after this momentary respite. But that was it. Knowing him as long and as well as he had, he'd never seen him act like that. Homer wasn't the only one who had ever become Wildstar's verbal and even physical punching-bag at some time or another; but he didn't understand Wildstar that much to know how to act or react. Though he himself really didn't know how he would've handled that at all - that wasn't a Wildstar he knew. He'd never known him to ever react with such uncontrol, such outright maliciousness; with no intention of regret. But Derek had never been faced with a situation quite like this, either.

"After all, somebody had to save Homer from a hospital bed. I for one wouldn't look forward to patching him up. There'll be enough of that soon enough." Dr. Sane continued; his gruff tone strangely harsh and hopefully prophetic at the same time.

Realizing he'd overreacted, and toward the wrong person, Venture reached into his pocket and apologetically offered an already blood-stained hanky to Homer, who was dabbing with the back of his hand at a trickle of blood coming from the corner of his mouth. Before it was gratefully taken, Mark's fingers momentarily started to close on it, and as he stared at it he blinked slowly. It had suddenly hit him. It was Nova's.

At Hero's Hill, as soon as she'd seen he'd been hurt she'd started worrying at the large, flowing gash in his upper arm a bigger, more well aimed piece of shrapnel that was the exploding wreckage of the unmanned fleet control tower had caused. Despite his selfless protestations Nova had dabbed at Venture's



arm until she'd skillfully managed her other two handy hankies into an impromptu tourniquet-bandage that, spotted but effective, was still there; a reminder to him of his failure. At least that's how he'd seen it until Wildstar, Nova and Orion had assured him otherwise. But now he felt a new and worse pain; failure.* He hurt. He hurt for Wildstar, for Nova; for himself. It was no secret that he loved Nova. Or that Nova loved him. But that love that kept them deeply as friends prevented them from more, for they were also bound together by an even deeper love, each in their own fashion, for one man. And he, for one, had too much respect for Nova, and the love that man had for her; to interfere with and ruin the three-way relationship they shared now - even if the thought could ever truly occur to him or Nova. He'd always enjoyed their love as a close observer; and the timing of their engagement was largely due to his wish - almost his last wish - that had come from the painful experience of an opportunity lost forever with his true and only love. "Oh, please; don't let it happen to them..."

"Okay. You gave him a sedative; but just what was it? He looks awfully--dead." Venture managed the word.

"That's the point." Everyone stared at him, puzzled. "IQ, take over from Eager. Eager, come back here." As the two complied with their respective requests, Dr. Sane continued: "As I see it, the only way we're going to be able to reach the Yamato alive is to die." This brought further reactions from everyone, but they were silenced. "I've prepared a serum that will cause all functions to slow to such a point that to all outside appearance and instruments we'll be dead. By the time we reach Icarus we'll come out of it, and be out of danger - hopefully. Though I'm sure IQ-9 can get us safely through the enemy lines." He corrected himself.

"I-SURE-CAN.--LEAVE-IT-TO-ME."

Dr. Sane smiled at his robotic buddy and nodded. He offered further instructions to the group.

"Look at the screen!" Orion alerted everyone to the fact that the enemy ship that was following them, cruising cautiously, but almost nonchalantly; had nevertheless loomed closer- and had been joined in sight by two other craft. They were stalking them.

"If we don't do something fast, we're all gonna die for real!" The pudgy youth following in his father's engineering footsteps had also thought over the alternative and had come up with a minor reservation, however: "But I don't want to take that and not wake up, either - if you know what I mean."

"Listen, Orion." His former superior, Venture, commanded his attention. "The Yamato is the best chance - the only chance - Earth has at the moment. And our only chance is to get to Icarus. If this is what it'll take; I'm doing it." With that, he volunteered a bared, leanly muscled arm that had piloted the Yamato through so much before - and hopefully would again.

After it was done, Venture wasn't about to fight it or panic; and he'd already seen it would hurt. He clutched his arm against the sting of this relatively tiny wound that hurt worse than his gash had. Still, despite his readiness, as he felt the serum take effect his body winced and jerked from the discomfort and unnaturalness of the situation. But he did not, and would not, cry out. He tried to keep calm. In lesser time than it had taken the first "victim", Venture slumped backward. He was caught by Eager and Dash, the nearsighted assistant weaponry officer, and gently laid to the floor near Wildstar.

Almost at the same instant the shuttle lurched wildly, and Homer smashed a panel that didn't look too important; causing an impressive visual display that also resulted in knocking out most of the lighting system.

"Good job, Homer." Dash commented from somewhere in the darker part of the cabin. In the lighted part of the shuttle; moving with the shuttle's purposefully erratic motions, Dr. Sane injected the next volunteer, Orion.

"There's no reply to our command, sir."

"Wha..hmm..." The officer in charge of the Guard Boat that had pursued the shuttle from Earth rubbed his chin, swivelling his chair as he was addressed from another direction. The crewman was consulting his instruments. "Readings show a massive systems malfunction or failure, and the craft was moving erratically prior to and during the disturbance. It's just drifting now." He had a penchant for pointing out the obvious, the officer thought as he leaned forward, his eyes narrowing as he studied the alien ship. That must have something to do with it. No one would be foolhardy or arrogant enough to ignore a command from a force that had just totally conquered their planet. Especially if that was a Dark Nebulan command.

"Life signs?"

The crewman shook his head. "None. They all just disappeared, sir. Perhaps it was some accident..."

"Yes." Good. That explained everything and now he didn't have to bother with prisoners or salvage. He'd much rather be back on planet where the action was, anyway. At least now he had an excuse to hurry back - and to report this to Information Officer Arufon; whom they'd alluded. All for naught, it seemed. Wasn't that just too bad. He snorted, laughing. Then he sighed. He'd better go by the book and make this look good. It wouldn't go nicely if he didn't make real sure, anyway.

He ordered the accompanying ships to move up and take the traditional Nebulan capture position. The ships pulled ahead and maneuvered so that they were slightly forward and behind the fore and aft sections on the starboard side; as his own ship moved up more slowly on the opposite side, where it would normally take up position abreast to the surrounded ship. But it didn't stop. It swerved perilously close to the shuttle, the disc's edge nearly brushing a wing. The theory suggested that a pilot would avoid the situation automatically. But it was the Guard Boat's pilot that was the one to swerve when the shuttle showed no intentions of moving. The officer peered closely into the magnified visual of the shuttle as they passed. It was completely dark inside, and a shower of fresh sparks only revealed a momentary glimpse of unidentifiable red metal. Nothing.

IQ had his head section in the seat next to his torso and mobility sections in an attempt to hide himself. Every function of his own, like his human charges, was on lowest minimum output- but unlike them he was able to retain a sensory consciousness; just enough to allow him to focus on any occurrence that would show they were on to him. He'd caused another, more minor, blowout for good measure; and completely knocked out the lights. He'd get them working again by the time his friends woke up.

After registering the ships peeling off and heading back the way they came - from the conquered planet Earth - IQ-9 re-attached his head and let out the robotic equivalent of 'WHEW!'. As soon as he made sure they were out of sensor range IQ-9 gunned the shuttle and it's contents full throttle toward the Asteroid Belt, toward Icarus, the Space Battleship Yamato; and events that he, at the moment, had insufficient data to fully speculate on. Any more than he could speculate what had become of Nova.

THE BEGINNING...

* He hadn't been able to stop the shuttle - due to a security mechanism that couldn't be overridden. But he'd tried.

"PEEPING TOM"
OBSERVATORY, ONE
OF THE MOST
PRESTIGIOUS SUCH
INSTITUTIONS ON
THE PLANET.

COINCIDENTALLY, ALSO THE
HOME OF THE BIGGEST
TELESCOPE...

... AND THE
NOISIEST ASTRONOMERS.

CASE IN POINT:

WOW!

THE GANG AT
M.I.T. WILL
NEVER
BELIEVE
THIS!

GOTTA FIND
A WITNESS!

NOW WHERE AM
I GONNA...*

HEY,
SAL!

HUH?

GET OVER
HERE, I
NEED
CORROBERRATION!

HUH?

WHAT IS IT
THIS TIME?

TAKE A LOOK...
I THINK I'VE JUST
SPOTTED AN
ALIEN SPACECRAFT!

... THAT'S DUST
ON THE LENS.

IS NOT!

IS TOO!

DUST!

SPACE SHIP!

DUST!

SPACE SHIP!

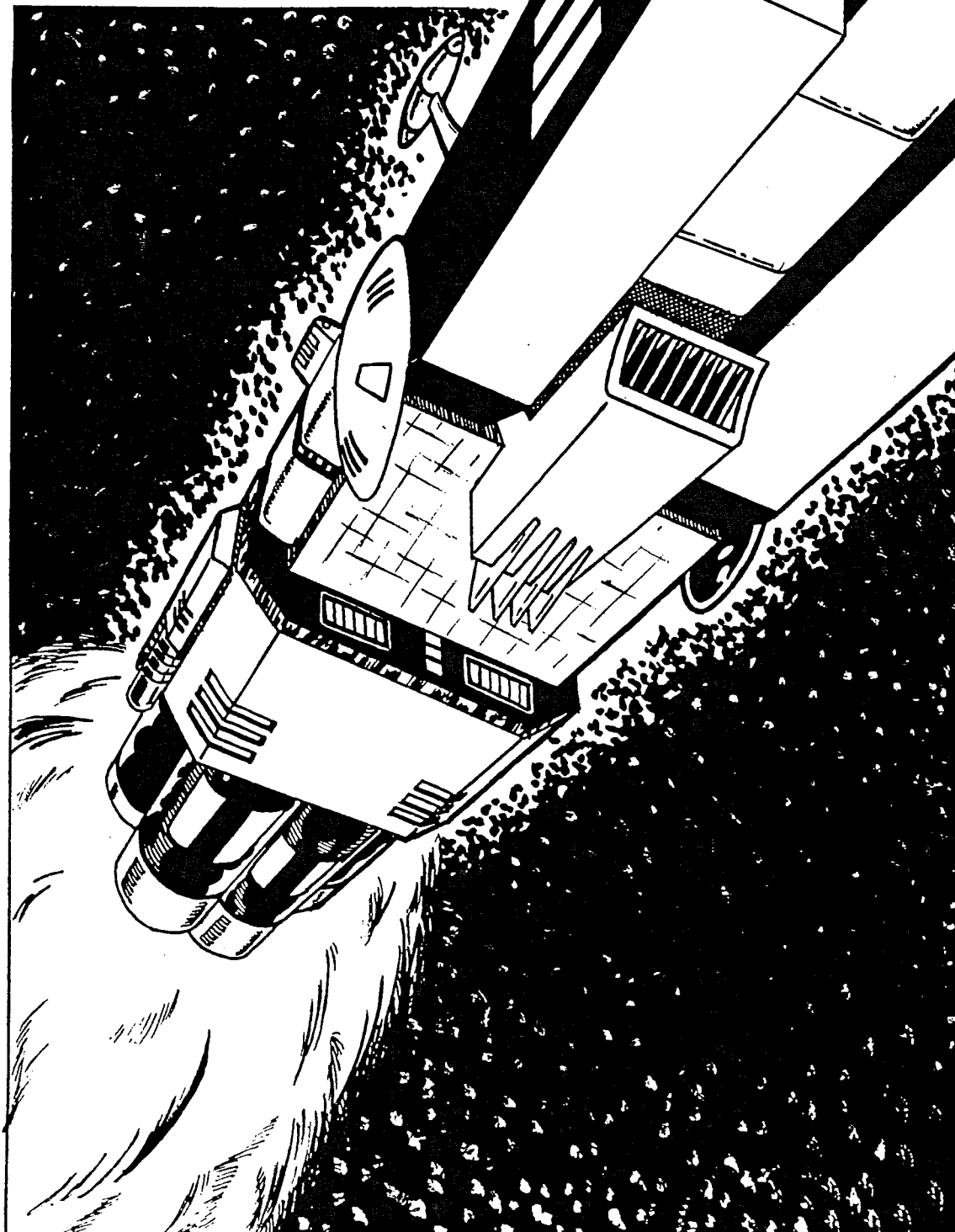
DUST!...

SPACE SHIP.

BIG SPACE SHIP.

ON A COLLISION COURSE
WITH EARTH.

SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?



**WINNER
TAKE
ALL!**

BROUGHT TO YOU
WITH PRIDE...
OR A SEMBLANCE
THERE OF...

BY

MIKE KANTEROVICH
PLOT/SCRIPT

TOM BREVOORT
PLOT/ART

FRANK STROM
LETTERS/SANITY CONSULT

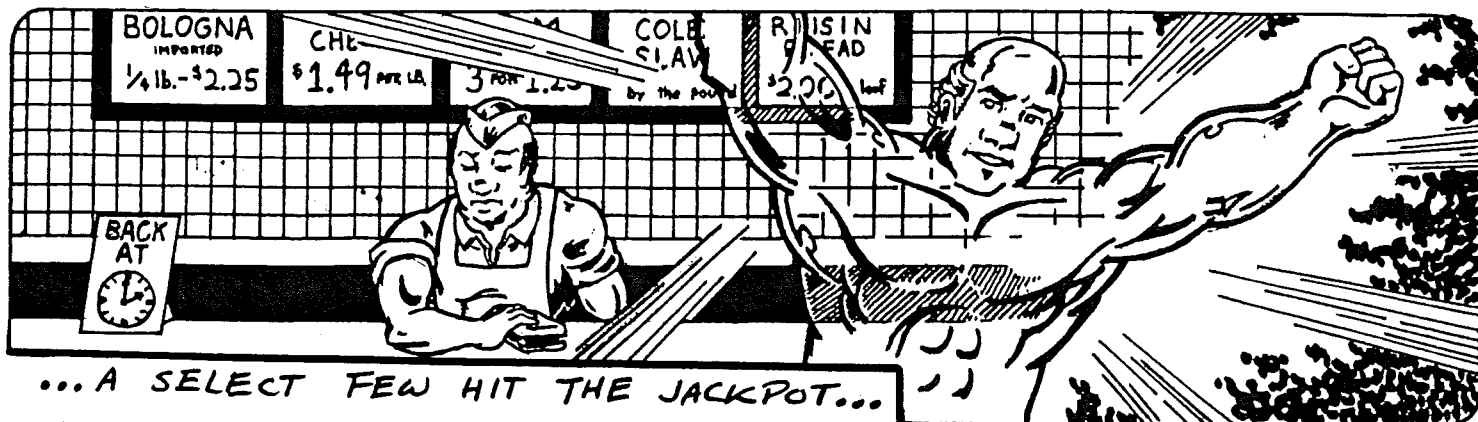
SIR JOHN
NATHAN-STERN
EDITOR-IN-BEEF

THIS IS THE FLAGSHIP™.

IT'S BIG.

IT'S NASTY.

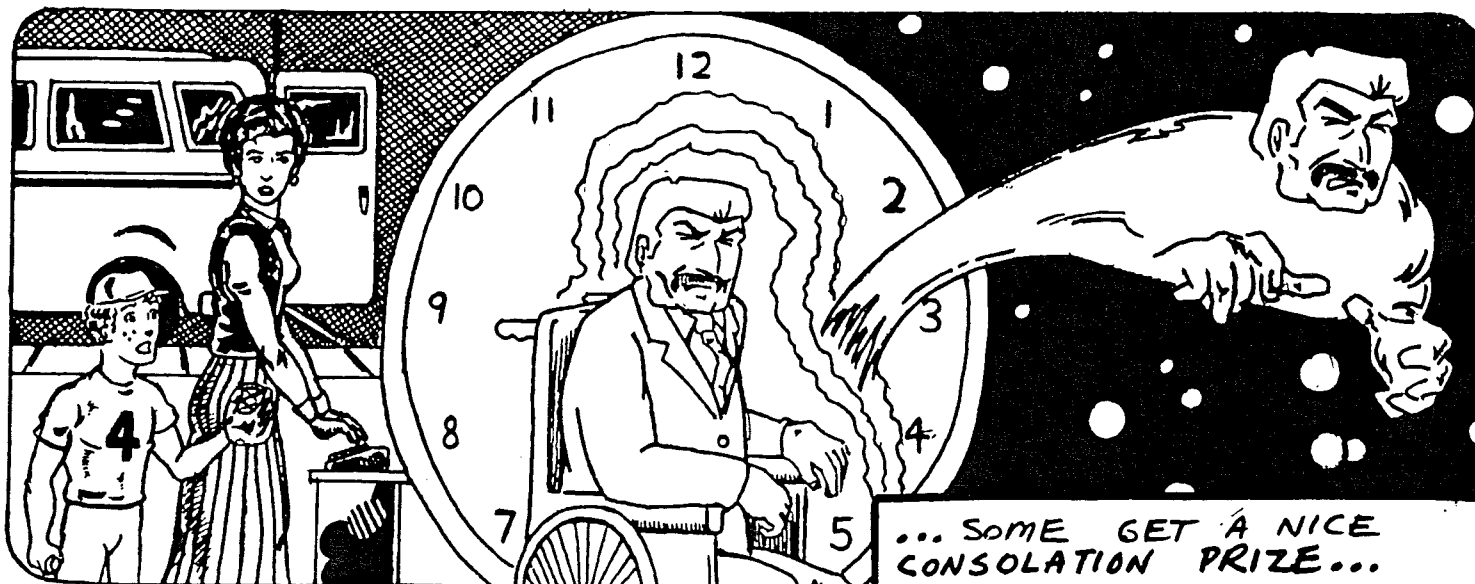
... AND HANDS OUT SUPER-POWERS
LIKE PRIZES IN A LOTTERY.



... A SELECT FEW HIT THE JACKPOT...

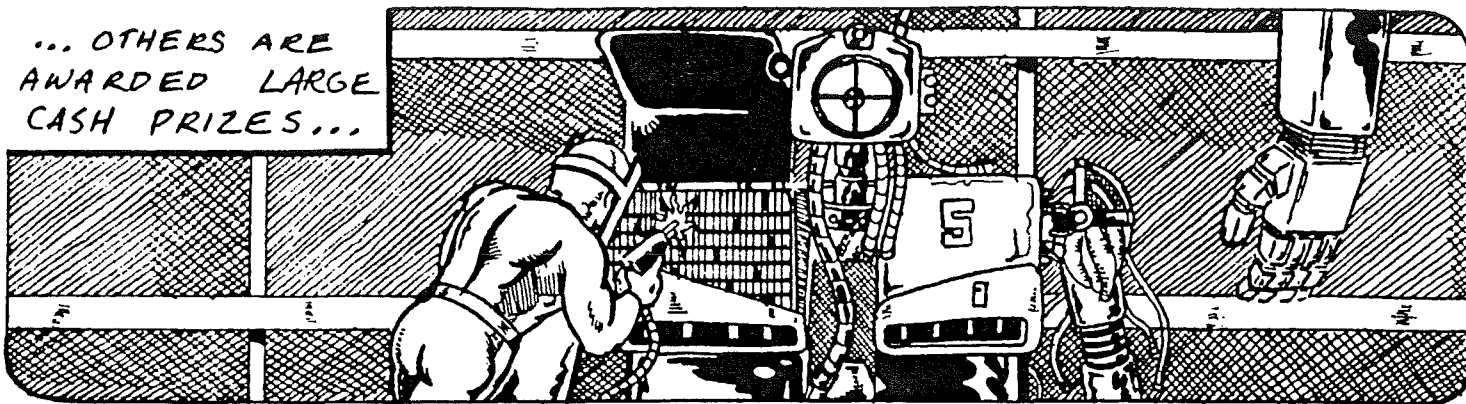


... MANY RECEIVE FREE TICKETS ...



... SOME GET A NICE
CONSOLATION PRIZE...

... OTHERS ARE
AWARDED LARGE
CASH PRIZES...



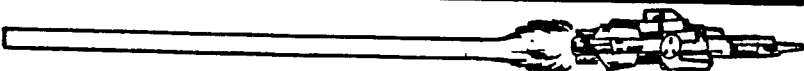
...AND A FEW...



... NEVER BOUGHT A TICKET IN THE FIRST PLACE

BUT THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT RIGHT NOW.

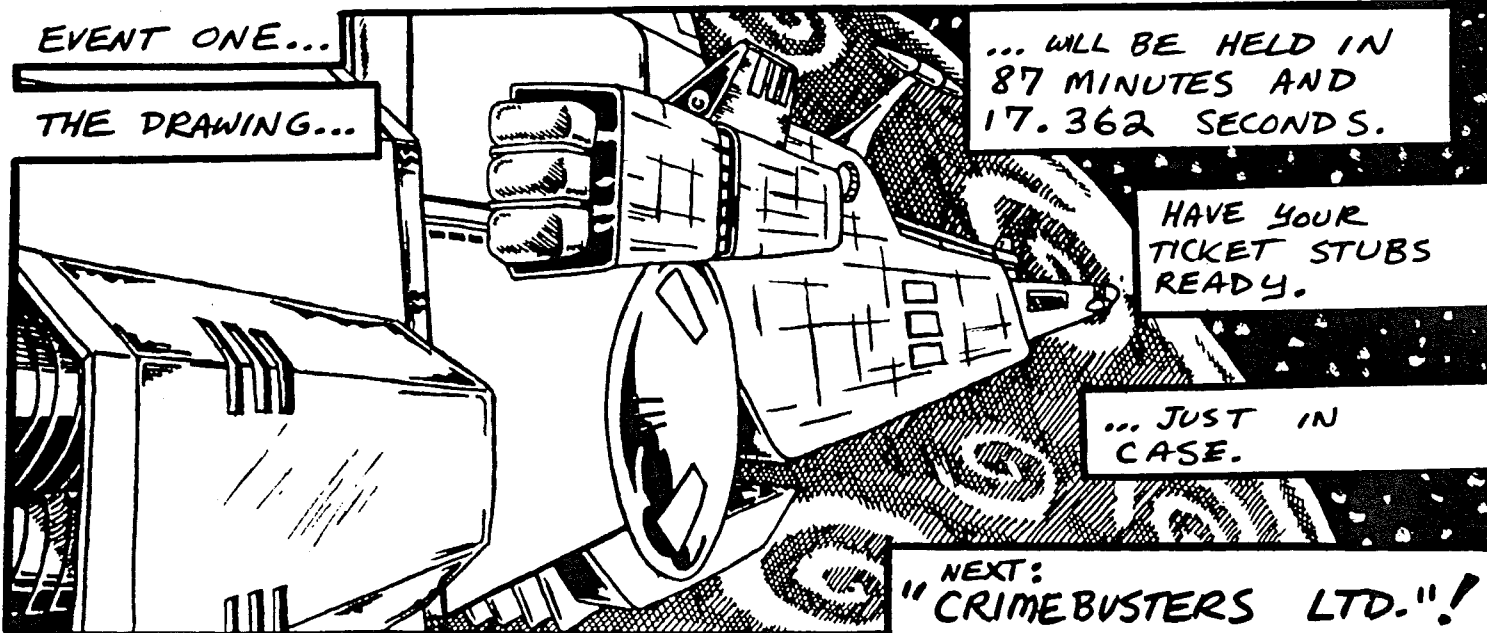
WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS THAT, LIKE WE SAID EARLIER, THE FLAGSHIP
IS ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH EARTH...



... AND THE WINNERS OF THE BIGGEST
SWEEPSTAKES OF ALL TIME ARE
ABOUT TO BE ANNOUNCED!

EVENT ONE...

THE DRAWING...



... WILL BE HELD IN
87 MINUTES AND
17.362 SECONDS.

HAVE YOUR
TICKET STUBS
READY.

... JUST IN
CASE.

NEXT:
"CRIMEBUSTERS LTD."!

ART CREDITS

COVER - "Star Force Black Tiger Frontal Lobotomy Boogie Band" - Logan Darklighter

Page

1 EDC Logo - Lee Madison
 1 Santa Avatar - Mark Kodai (Sorry I didn't list you on Pg. 1)
 2 Happy New Year Miriya & Valkyrie - Brad Gill
 3 Iczer-2 - Tim Ross
 4 Seifrietti Weiss - Roy Bruce
 4 Etranger characters - Etranger Roman Album
 5 Etranger characters - Etranger Roman Album
 6 Capt. Harlock - Jennifer Pannell
 6 Rick Hunter - Ray Bradshaw
 6 Lupin & Jigen - Karlton Clemons
 6 Girl from Rall (name?) - Roy Bruce
 6 Ban Coran & Patilliro - Vanessa Okita
 6 Rio (Pop Chaser) - T. Wendell Martin
 7-14 "The Elegants" - Lee Madison
 15 "Captain Power" - Darrin Towers
 16 EVE - Unknown
 17 "EQ-154 Missile Troop" - Carl Davison
 18 Robotech photo - @1987 Harmony Gold
 18 Tribblets - Tasha Seren
 19 Musicaa - Roy Bruce
 20 Kathyrn Kimaura w/fighter - Pat Munson-Siter
 22 High Commander Katrin & Leader Desslar - Pat Munson Siter

Page

23 Robotech Sentinels - Roy Bruce
 24 Hikaru - Carl Davison
 26 "Area 88" - Carl Davison
 26 Todadler - various forms - Freya Harris
 27 Go-Lion scratches fleas - Freya Harris
 27 Tribblets - Jennifer Pannell
 28-31 "Jet Jaguar" - David Merrill
 32 Gundam - Carl Davison
 33 Mami (Hokuto No Ken) - Jeff Blend
 33 Rabby - Lee Madison
 34 Gundam gals - Angela Koslow
 34 Halloween Paranoia - Jennifer Pannell
 34 Iczer-1 - Tim Ross
 35 Eve - Henry Jerng
 38 Lemon Cream Pie Dream - T. Wendell Martin s)
 38 Gundam - Unknown
 39 Dirty Pair - Ben Dunn (Donated by Lynn Haye
 39 Matel - Yuki Ko-Tori
 41 Sane & Wildstar - Bud Cox
 43-46 "Winner Take All" - Tom Brevoort

CENTERFOLD - B-Ko - Lee Madison

BACK COVER - Henry Jerng

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It could be ANYTHING!! It could be NOTHING!! It's ENTIRELY UP TO YOU!

We've got a precious, cherished few items already!
 (Can you believe it?)

More from Pat, Todadler & Kenneth (we hope)
 More from Dave, Lee & Tom (tell me I'm not dreaming)
 Something...anything?...from J.P. (Am I gonna die for this!)
 A new item - Book Series Review (Uh..hi, Jim..)
 More art, more new Articles (uh..Jim...what are you doing with that chainsaw?)
 Tech theory, Comics, (aw come on, man, put the chainsaw down...it was a joke!)
 Synopses, Poetry (Kelli....hey, Kelli...what happened to your computer?)
 Stories, Song Lyrics (Kelli...why are there microchips where your teeth should be?)
 Artwork, centerfolds, killer covers (I don't wanna talk about it.)

And yes, you guessed it...a Deadline! (Duck! He's comin' around again!)
 (Can you guess deadlines aren't his most favorite of things?)

This time it's FEBRUARY 1st!
 That's right, another one of those days that is Numero Uno, First in the Line Up, Day the Rent is Due, and all that kind of stuff.

Now, that's simple, isn't it?
 Just send in your stuff POSTMARKED by FEBRUARY 1, and that's all you have to worry about.
 I think February 1 is pretty fair, don't you? It's far enough in the future.
 You've got the time - we've got the zine (Miller Zine?)
 (The Zine of Champions?)
 (NOVA-the Foaming Zine?)
 (This Zine's for You?)
 (This Spuds' For You?)
 (Are we getting off the subject?)

Joking aside, the deadline really, truly, honestly is February 1, 1988.
 Anything postmarked later than February 1, 1988 will go into Nova 13
 (and you thought you had it easy before - just you wait!)

Now, We're all clear on this right? You'll get your stuff in by Feb. 1, Right?
 Good. I thought so.

(Oh...by the way...watch out for a maniacal Board Chairman with a chainsaw, will ya?)
 (He's on the loose and we need him returned by the next Council meeting, else the meeting will get out of hand.)
 (Okay?)

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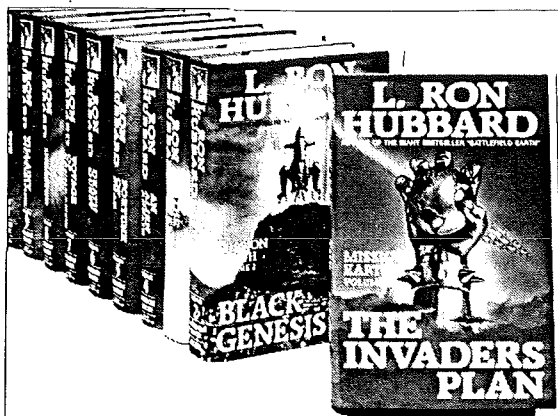
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